

Punch

9d ✓

OHIO STATE
UNIVERSITY
DEC 19 1960
LIBRARY





Swim suit by Saville Sportswear, photographed in Monte Carlo.

How do you like LILLET?

LILLET neat

Lillet is a delicious and highly original drink with a slightly bitter-sweet flavour. For that reason it is one of the few aperitifs that tastes magnificent *alone* and ungilded. One glass will convince!

LILLET with soda

When you are thirsty a tall glass filled with Lillet and a long splash of soda makes one of the world's most refreshing drinks. Add ice—it will only improve that subtle, bitter-sweet taste.

LILLET with gin

One-third Lillet and two-thirds gin makes a cocktail that is not only different but extremely *delicious*. Don't shake by the way—stir! (Use a jug, lots of ice, and stir like mad as all good barmen do.)

Always serve your Lillet as chilled as you can





Sir Hugh fences himself in

Seven hundred yards of post-and-rail fencing means a pretty tidy outlay—no wonder Sir Hugh put the job off for months. But at last he had to face the fact that he couldn't carry on any longer with the old fences in the state they were: the job had to be done, and that was that.

It was his Estate Manager who suggested they should get credit from UDT. This meant the fencing could be paid for out of the regular estate income, not out of Sir Hugh's capital which, as often happens, was tied up in the property. UDT can do much to help those like Sir Hugh who want to improve their estates and develop their business. In your phone book you'll find your nearest UDT office listed—perhaps we can help *you*, too.

UDT
helps people
to help
themselves

building for prosperity

Hills Factory Construction Systems — swift, simple, economical — is keeping pace with Industry's demand for expansion. Buildings of every size, from single to five-storey construction, are being erected throughout the country, contributing to the national plan for prosperity.

Please write to us if you would like to receive full information on Hills Factory Construction System.



Douglas Group Ltd., Architect, C. R. Kirby, Esq., A.R.T.B.A.

HILLS FACTORY CONSTRUCTION SYSTEM

HILLS (WEST BROMWICH) LTD., ALBION ROAD, WEST BROMWICH, STAFFS.
Branches at Manchester, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, London and Glasgow.

P.4



HAPPY PARTY POLICY

Whether it's a family get together in your own home, or a major conference in the largest hall available, the way to ensure a perfect function and freedom from all worry is to call in Empire Catering.

We prepare everything—supply everything—clear away everything (moving and replacing furniture if necessary). And you can rely on the catering itself to be beyond reproach. Efficient courteous staff, perfect equipment, and first class food will all go to ensure the success of an occasion which will be remembered with delight both by your guests and yourself.

So whether the function be in town or country, a private gathering or an international conference, get in touch with us. Once you have accepted our reasonable quotation you can leave the rest in our capable hands.

EMPIRE (Catering) Co. Ltd.
James House, James Street
London, W.1
Telephone: HUNter 1070

The complete Caterers

it's SO stimulating



Crème
de Menthe

**Marie
Brizard**

Have you tasted ANISETTE ?

Manufactured by Marie Brizard since 1755

The finest
HAVANA
Cigar




PUNCH



If it is in
Stainless
Steel
Tube...

Accles & Pollock *can make it!*

Many a future product now on the designer's drawing board, or already in prototype, will be a better product because of the stainless steel tubes to be used in its construction. Whether the need is for the simplest and most straightforward of tubes, or for a design involving specialist skills in manipulation or fabrication, manufacturers of such products will find exactly what they need at Accles & Pollock—plumb on the mark in advice and design, in quality and accuracy, in price and delivery.

Accles & Pollock supply SEAMLESS, WELDED, OR DRAWN WELDED STAINLESS STEEL TUBES FOR AIRCRAFT AND GUIDED MISSILES • NUCLEAR ENGINEERING • CHEMICAL PLANTS • HYPODERMIC NEEDLES • SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS • BREWERY AND DAIRY INSTALLATIONS • ROAD AND RAIL COACHES • TEXTILE PLANTS • GENERAL ENGINEERING AND A WIDE VARIETY OF OTHER PURPOSES. ACCLES & POLLOCK LTD • OLDBURY • BIRMINGHAM A  COMPANY



Drink Hungarian Wines!

- | | | | |
|---------------------|------|------------------------|------|
| * Bull's Blood | 10/6 | * Mori Ezerjo | 10/3 |
| * Balatoni Riesling | 9/3 | * Tokay Aszu | 17/9 |
| * Balatoni Furmint | 10/- | * Tokay Szamorodni Dry | 14/- |

At your Wine Merchant's, or write to

F. & E. May Ltd.

18 Piazza Chambers, James Street, London, W.C.2.



For that different holiday
choose beautiful
Barbados
it offers so much!

This is the unique holiday for those who like to be different. Exotic Barbados scenery, glorious all-the-year-round sunshine, exhilarating sports—fishing, water skiing, underwater exploration with expert tuition, yachting, sophisticated entertainment, all in a lovely, unspoilt setting. No tourist crowds. Duty-free shopping. First-class hotels, clubs and guest houses. Sterling area. Only 17 hours by air from London. Barbados is calling.

Send for free booklet NOW!

THE WEST INDIA COMMITTEE, 40 NORFOLK STREET, LONDON, W.C.2



Imported from Holland

The Finest of all Whiffs
RITMEESTER LIVARDE

6/6 per tin of 10

NOW AVAILABLE FROM YOUR TOBACCONIST

10 MINUTES HOLIDAY A DAY

How difficult it is to relax completely... it almost seems impossible... yet there is a way... The **RELAXATOR**. Unequalled comfort, rest at any time listening to radio or watching T.V. Impression of permanent weariness disappears. The only Chair designed & medically approved to ensure complete relaxation. Elegant, light, portable, adjustable. Ideal Christmas present.



'RELAXATOR'

£8.10.0
incl. delivery
Mattress available if required, at extra cost

* Accepted by the Council of Industrial Design.
to Sole Manufacturers:
LODGE (EQUIPMENT) LTD
(Dept. F.),
West Molesey, Surrey.



A gracious welcome to your guests

16/- bottle • 8/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 32/-



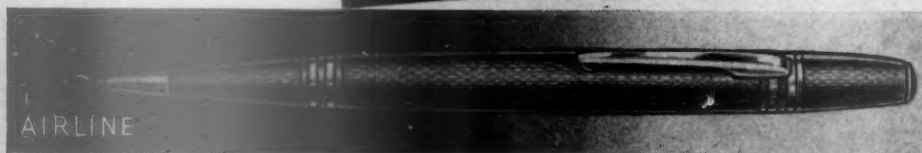
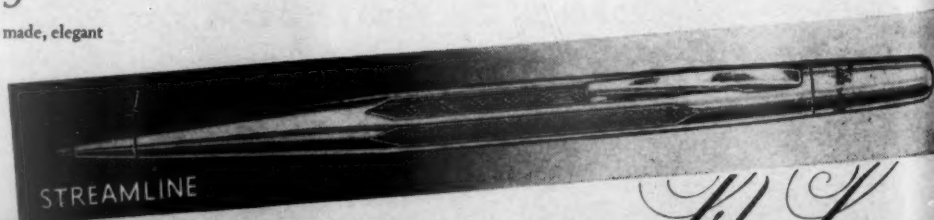
The myth about Mrs. Beeton and her dozens of eggs for even the simplest recipe is yet again exploded by the 1960 Centenary edition. Brought right up to date by a panel of 58 experts, the new Mrs. Beeton gives you the whole truth about Modern Cooking and thousands of other wonderful household hints. 1,344 pages—beautifully presented and illustrated. From all booksellers, price **50/-**

MRS. BEETON'S ★ 3,652 Recipes
COOKERY ★ Kitchencraft
AND ★ Household and
HOUSEHOLD ★ Etiquette
MANAGEMENT ★ Laundry work
★ Nutrition
★ Home Doctoring
★ Gardening

or write for free illustrated booklet to:
WARD LOCK, Dept. 9,
116 BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1.

The Gift of a Lifetime . . .

Life-Long propelling pencils, precision made, elegant and of fine quality are, aptly, guaranteed for life. Available in 9 carat or rolled gold, sterling or nickel silver—for milady too—from leading Jewellers and Stationers.



Life-Long

PROPELLING PENCILS
BCL/LIFELONG LONDON W.C.1



The crew of a Sea Vixen prepare for take-off as a Buccaneer passes overhead.

Fly as an officer in the ROYAL NAVY

Today the aircraft carriers are the capital ships of the Fleet, and the most advanced jet aircraft are in squadron service in the Fleet Air Arm.

Flying superb aircraft such as the Sea Vixen and the Scimitar (and soon the Buccaneer) is a hand-picked team of officers who are among the most highly skilled pilots and observers in the world.

Training as a Naval Officer in the Fleet Air Arm includes a six months course at the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. You must possess above average intelligence, resourcefulness and character, and have a spirit of adventure controlled by a strong sense of responsibility.

If you have a zest for flying and are attracted by the Naval way of life, you will find that the task of the Naval Officer in the Fleet Air Arm is exciting, exacting and singularly rewarding.

The age limits for the Fleet Air Arm are 17-25. You must have a G.C.E. or equivalent with passes at the Ordinary level in English Language, Mathematics and three other approved subjects. The Admiralty will however be prepared to consider boys with four Ordinary levels only, if they are otherwise exceptionally suitable candidates. Applicants under the old regulations will continue to be accepted until 1st September, 1961. A high standard of physical fitness is necessary.

When qualified, pay at age 20 is £949 a year: a married officer of 25 can receive up to £1,760 a year. After 12 years' service there is a tax-free gratuity of £4,000. Selected officers serving on a 12-year engagement may have the opportunity of transferring to a pensionable career.

Special 5-year commissions for Helicopter Pilots only.

There is a new scheme of engagement for men wishing to specialise as helicopter pilots. They join between ages 17-26 on a 5-year commission and receive a £775 tax-free gratuity on termination.



Send for the new illustrated booklet which will give you full details.

THE ADMIRALTY,

D.N.R. (Officers), Dept. PU/24, Queen Anne's Mansions, London, S.W.1.



WHEN BARBERS PULLED TEETH

IN 1399 Henry IV awarded a London barber 16d a day to draw the teeth of the poor without charge. So began the second stage of our state dental service. (The first was already thriving in the hands of the Public Executioner, who pulled teeth as a handy punishment for minor offences.)

We have come far since then. The law no longer claims our teeth, and neither does the barber. In fact these days everyone wants us to keep our teeth, and to keep them healthy. We know too that the earlier we start our children in good dental habits—by teaching them the C D E F rule for good teeth—the more promise we give them of healthy teeth both now and in adult life.

C **CLEANING** Often and thorough, to remove food particles that can cause decay. After each meal if possible.

D **DENTIST** No longer barberous. Regular visits to catch any trouble early.

E **EXERCISE** Lots of chewing—apples, celery, chewing gum, raw vegetables. Helps to clean teeth, promotes flow of saliva (nature's mouth-wash); stimulates gums, aids proper jaw development.

F **FOOD** Plenty of milk, butter, cheese and eggs: rich in minerals and vitamins for strong teeth and healthy gums.

* The Mayas of Central America chewed chicle (the basis of today's chewing-gum) more than 1,000 years ago. And they were renowned for their splendid teeth.

PUBLISHED BY THE WRIGLEY COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON

21/1/60

Haig in every Home

*Wishing you a Merry Christmas
and a prosperous New Year!*

FOR CHRISTMAS: Prunes with the added delicious flavour of Haig. Soak 1 lb. prunes until soft. With 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of water and 4 of sugar, simmer in pan until cooked. Bottle after adding 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of Haig.



HAIG
'GOLD LABEL'

Bottles 37/6
Half Flasks 19/6
Quarter Flasks 10/-
Miniatures 3/10

Don't be vague—Ask for Haig

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

AT YOUR 'LOCAL', AT OFF-LICENCES AND ALL WINE & SPIRIT STORES

RATTRAY'S 7 RESERVE TOBACCO

may well solve the problem for many all-day-long smokers who have not yet achieved complete satisfaction. Your pipe, filled with Rattray's 7 Reserve, can be a versatile companion whose company never palls. Here is a Mixture of choice Red Virginias and rare Orientals—blended and matured by craftsmen who are proud to be called old-fashioned. It will regale you, according to your mood, with the stuff of dreams or the urgent spur of inspiration.

A customer writes from Carlisle ...
"May I be allowed to congratulate you on your 7 Reserve Mixture. Its flavour and smoking qualities are all you claim them to be."

To be obtained
ONLY from

**CHARLES
RATTRAY**

Tobacco Blender
PERTH, SCOTLAND
Price 93/- per lb.
Post Paid. Send
23/9 for sample
quarter-lb. tin.



Watch your Savings GROW

WITH GUARANTEED SECURITY—WITHOUT WORRY

PINNOCK FINANCE

COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN) LIMITED

OFFER UP TO

8%

INTEREST

PLUS 1% ON DEPOSITS OF £500 OR MORE

Put your Savings to work for you. Invest them with PINNOCK FINANCE and reap the benefit of these generous Interest Rates. Send to-day for the fully descriptive Brochure which tells you all about PINNOCK and explains how easy it is to open a Deposit Account.

INTEREST PAID QUARTERLY

IF RE-INVESTED, £100 MORE THAN
DOUBLES ITSELF IN 10 YEARS

NO FEES, DUTY OR COMMISSION

EASY WITHDRAWALS

INITIAL DEPOSITS FROM £25

Pinnock Finance Co. (Gt.B.)
Ltd. is a member of the world-
wide Pinnock Group. Est.
1891. Assets over £1,000,000.

To: The Secretary

Pinnock Finance Co. (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
127 Cheapside, London, E.C.2

Please send me fully Descriptive Booklet or
how to open a Deposit Account.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

P.I. _____

AUSTIN & SMITH for pure silk
Pyjamas

85/- Post 1/6

Luxurious Quality
BLUE BLACK
ROSE CREAM
GREEN SCARLET

MENS—36" to 48" Chest
LADIES—34" to 44" Bust

Undoubtedly the
largest selection of
PURE SILK PYJAMAS
in London.

Send for patterns:—

AUSTIN & SMITH

DEPT. P.3, 38 BERKELEY STREET, LONDON, W.1

KEY SAFETY

brought home to you

Name & address of owner is registered with
BUXTON. Should the Key-Tainer be lost
BUXTON reward the finder and return the
Key-Tainer to owner—entirely without
charge

The Key-Tainer features
the unique BUXTON
Safety keycase and is ob-
tainable in a variety of
leathers and attractive
colours.



Prices from
8/6 to 34/6

BUXTON

KEY-TAINER

from Leather Goods Stores & Stationers.
Write for details to Dept. 228
BUXTON LEATHER GOODS LTD.
48-42 Oxford St., London, W.1.
Telephone: LAN 1920



ELEGANCE

ENCLOSING

EXACTNESS

—that's the luxury of

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONOURED WATCH

Ref: 331—at £51.15s.—man's extra slim gold Longines.
Other models from £25—£500.
From leading jewellers everywhere.



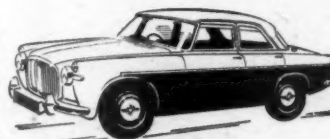
THE ROVER COMPANY LTD.

RECORD HOME AND EXPORT SALES

The 65th Annual General Meeting of The Rover Company Limited will be held on December 15 in Solihull.

In the course of his circulated review, the Chairman, Mr. S. B. Wilks, states: I am pleased to tell you that our sales both in the Home and Export markets were the best in the Company's history by an appreciable margin, and this is reflected in the financial results.

The "80" and "100" Rover saloon cars have proved worthy successors to the models they replaced, and the 3-litre has established itself as a car of the highest quality in the best Rover tradition.



Rover 3-litre

The Series II Land Rovers, in their petrol and diesel forms, are becoming increasingly popular and we have been awarded several army contracts in overseas countries where vehicles of a competitive type were previously in use.

In recent months the motor industry has suffered a decline in sales, particularly in the Home Market and the U.S.A. We have felt the effects of this particularly in passenger car sales. Whilst I do not believe there are any grounds for lack of confidence in the long term, it is very difficult to assess accurately how long the present situation will last. The decline in imported car sales in the United States and the credit squeeze at Home have been the main contributory factors, but it could well be that we are, in the Home market, returning to seasonal trading, which was a normal pattern of our industry pre-war.



Series II Land Rover

Nevertheless, it is disappointing that the Government have not so far seen their way to effect some relaxation of the present Hire Purchase restrictions, and a reduction of the present excessive rate of Purchase Tax, even if only by stages.

So we have entered the current year with the outlook by no means so good as a year ago. At the same time we see costs still rising with further wage demands on the table. Next year's results are bound to be affected.

However, despite the somewhat uncertain outlook we feel justified, in the light of the satisfactory trading results, in recommending an increased dividend at the rate of 9½d. per Share less Income Tax.



Rover "80" & "100"

We see nothing in the present situation to make us modify our expansion plans, which we are proceeding with as vigorously as ever.

We announced some months ago that we had made arrangements with the Cardiff Corporation to acquire from them the site of the old Cardiff Airport, to provide facilities for the expansion of our output. The scheme will necessarily take some time to bring to fruition but it is anticipated that building work will commence in the near future.



EXPANDING CONTRACTING

Simon-Carves, in their specialised fields of mine engineering, coal cleaning and carbonising plants, chemical engineering, power station construction and so forth, have amassed eighty years' experience of large-scale contracting.

On the basis of this experience Simon-Carves are now often appointed main contractors for complete multi-million pound plants for which the process know-how comes from the client and the contracting know-how from Simon-Carves.

This business of engineering to clients' own flow-sheets is rapidly expanding: in recent years, for instance, Simon-Carves have been main contractors for plants to produce carbon black, phosphorus, sulphuric acid and cement clinker, polythene, and superphosphates.

Given a site and a customer's briefing, Simon-Carves will accept responsibility as main contractors for the construction of almost anything from a steelworks to a fertiliser factory — from green field to production.

SIMON-CARVES

LIMITED

CHEADLE HEATH, STOCKPORT
AND SIMON HOUSE, DOVER ST, LONDON W.1
and at Calcutta, Johannesburg, Sydney, Toronto.

MEMBER OF SIMON
ENGINEERING LTD, WHICH
COMBINES THE RESOURCES OF

Simon-Carves Ltd
Simon Handling Engineers Ltd
Henry Simon Ltd
Huntington, Heberlein & Co Ltd
Lodge-Cottrell Ltd
Chemical Engineering Willsons Ltd
Turbine Gears Ltd
Simon Engineering (Midlands) Ltd
and other companies
in Great Britain and overseas

PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXIX No. 6272
November 30 1960

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



Articles

- 764 NIGEL KNEALE
Shadowed Cabinet : Minister of Power
- 767 PATRICK SKENE CATLING
Shills' Reunion
- 769 J. B. BOOTHROYD
The Bands Play On
- 771 H. F. ELLIS
Love on the Launching Pad
- 776 PETER DICKINSON
Galsworthy in Space
- 779 B. A. YOUNG
The Day's Work
- 780 BERNARD HOLLOWOOD
Pianoforte
- 782 PATRICK RYAN
Strange, White Fluff in Gloucestershire

Verse

- 770 HAZEL TOWNSON
Headline
- 773 JEFFREY LITTMAN
Organ Solo
- 778 JENNIE FARLEY
Dear Devil
- 781 R. P. LISTER
Midnight and Morning

Features

- 774 WELCOME, POOR AMERICANS!
J. B. Boothroyd and Peter Dickinson
- 785 ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT
Percy Somerset
- 786 IN THE CITY
Lombard Lane
- 786 IN THE COUNTRY
Ronald Duncan
- 787 WEDDING DAY
Mahood
- 794 FOR WOMEN
- 796 TOBY COMPETITIONS

Criticism

- 788 THEATRE (Eric Keown)
- 789 FILMS (Richard Mallett)
- 790 RADIO (Patrick Ryan)
- 791 BOOKING OFFICE
Kenneth J. Robinson : No Shortened Cruicks

Subscriptions

If you wish to have *Punch* sent to your home each week, send £2 16s. 0d.* to the Publisher, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

*For overseas rates see page 796

© Bradbury Agnew & Company, Limited—1960

The London Charivari

A USEFUL precedent for travelling politicians may have been set in Katanga last week, when America's Mr. Loy Henderson stopped at the airfield on his way to Madagascar and found President Tshombe and a deputation waiting to greet Mr. Louis Armstrong, who hadn't turned up. As large crowds were waiting, and it seemed a pity to waste them, the deputation, the band and the crowds were handed over to Mr. Henderson, who rode through Elizabethville to the plaudits of a public who thought he was Mr. Armstrong. This seems an ideal way for world statesmen, suitable deputies having been detailed, to spend more time at home.

Kitchen Company

IT's all very well for Sir Alec Guinness to say that to-day's theatre audiences don't know how to behave, and spend the evening eating,



arguing, coughing, complaining, combing their hair and being generally ill-mannered. After all, they could have picked up these habits from the sort of plays they're seeing nowadays.

Sacred and Beautiful

ONLY the other day somebody was complaining of streets being

"vandalized" by the installation of parking meters. Now a manufacturer of meters is claiming that his new model offers "maximum resistance" to vandals.



My dictionary says a vandal is a person who wilfully destroys anything sacred or beautiful, but let's not be too pedantic.

Food for Thought

A CONGOLESE lieutenant last week accused the Ghanaian chargé d'affaires of having eaten Colonel Joseph Kokolo of the Congolese army, and added "Get all your Ghanaian troops out of the Congo or we will eat them." Perhaps he was under the impression that the organization responsible for the Ghanaians' presence there was really called the United Rations.

Pickpocket-Money

YOUNG criminals suffering from ergophobia, or abnormal aversion to work, should be paid a pension of £500 a year, according to Dr. C. B. R. Pollock, writing in the official journal of the Magistrates' Association. It would relieve them of the need to steal, he says, and save the cost of keeping them in Borstal. The new salary aimed at for police constables is £1,000 a year, but the Pollock Plan would probably save



Hollman

"It's been proposed and seconded that the Ministry be invited to declare the ground an infected area and to have the entire playing stock slaughtered. All those in favour..."

at least half that, since fewer police are needed to catch fewer crooks. There might be a conditional clause, as with retirement pensions, stipulating that any profits from gainful employment in cosh raids totalling more than £2 10s. a week would be deducted from the basic £500.

New Map of Bohemia

JUST as the French are proposing new drink laws proscribing such unlikely scenes of revelry as wineshops in or near old folks' homes, hospitals, churches and cemeteries we are thinking of relaxing our licensing regulations. If the two national trends continue in opposite directions the popular image of the future will be of tight-lipped Parisians at temperance meetings singing *Ne vendez plus de vin au mon père* and madly gay Londoners sipping their apéritifs in the boulevards of Bloomsbury and the *jardins* of Shepherd's Bush.

Saw and Heard Nothing

IT looked at first like another case of conflicting reports when one paper described how that Southall bank manager was "watching TV" while his bank was burgled and another used the

headline "MANAGER SLEPT THROUGH RAID." But on second thoughts they could both be right.

Birds in a Ring

WATCHING yet another TV natural history programme with people putting rings on birds' ankles, I could not help wondering what the effect of all this metal flying across the sky will be, seeing that little bits of tinfoil can baffle radar. Shall we end with bitter accusations from Canadian geophysicists that Peter Scott has lured the magnetic north to the banks of the Severn? Another puzzle is whether the same rings are used for all birds. It seems likely that a ring thick enough to resist a razor-bill would make a wren completely immobile. By the way, why is it always birds? Is it because their thin ankles make ringing easy? Zoologists who like a challenge might try toads or viruses or pignies. Anyone ringing a Yeti should make sure it does not take it as a binding promise of marriage.

Mr. Nanook, I Presume

I SUPPOSE the Bishop of the Arctic knows what he is about, but to me it hardly seems a kindness to recruit a lot of extra missionaries to bring the Eskimos "at one stride from the stone age to the atomic age." Even if you leave the atoms out of it, I'd have



"Trad..."

762

thought that the first result of telling these stone-age men about the existence of such atomic-age wonders as motorcars, television, Sophia Loren, and so on, would simply have been to make them discontented because they didn't have them in the Arctic.

Wondermackerel

IN an address to the press pleading for more vituperation in politics, Mr. Macmillan gave as a model a Congressman who said an opponent was "Utterly contemptible; like a rotten mackerel by moonlight he shines and stinks." It is always a pleasure to try to please the Prime Minister; after all, much of his life is devoted to trying to please us. If that is what he wants, then the least his loyal admirers can do is to let him have it. The Right Honourable Harold Macmillan is utterly contemptible; like a...

Challenge

THE ITV boys, as they sometimes admit, are not without their sterling qualities, but one of the new commercials must be putting a strain on their magnanimity. It boasts a remote-control device by means of which a viewer can change channels, without rising from his chair and stepping on the cat. After all, there's only one other channel and we all know who runs that. Now we'll see whether ITV will go a stage further and allow a boost for a remote-control "blab-off" switch which will take the sound out of the commercials. And how about a clock-adjustment gadget to make advertised ITV programmes conform with the *TV Times* schedule. I for one object violently to the deception when a play plotted for 8.30 is delayed by ten minutes or so of jam and jingle.

Win a Suspended Licence

OUR most enterprising morning paper, describing how a motorist hit a hydrant and cut off a town's water, with the result that the waterworks men came and cut through an electric cable, disrupting the telephones, and two passing motorists crashed into each other while watching the fun, asked its readers "How much damage can one car do?" It should have been made clear that this isn't just another competition.



"TRY KICKING IT!"

A Manxman, born 1922, son of the owner-editor of an Isle of Man newspaper. Studied for Manx Bar, got depressed, turned to writing and acting, but a spell at R. A. D. A. convinced him he should stick to writing. Book of short stories, "Tomato Cain," got Somerset Maugham Award, 1950. Original TV scripts include the "Quatermass" series. Now writes films too.

NIGEL KNEALE

8



Speech by the Minister of Power, 1973

WITH your permission, Mr. Speaker, and that of the House I would like to make a statement on the coal situation.

I have been in office for two years. It seems far longer—and the fierce acceleration of technical progress is not the only cause—since the Radical Party victory of 1971 ended those decades of Tory rule. They called me a technocrat. Certainly I was ready for the problems, inevitable and awful, of trying to balance the wildly changing forms of fuel and power in the 'seventies. What I had not expected was this grubby, recurring nightmare, the endless arguments with official cranks, the mental oakum-picking.

Whom should I blame? The Tories or the old Socialist or Labour Party for its final collapse and disappearance in the early 'sixties? The body politic felt a tingling in its missing limb which compelled the Tories to respond. In 1964 they nationalized steel. In 1965 they nationalized the tobacco industry. In 1966 they concluded the Coal Charter.

The road to the Charter was paved with good intentions. It was described as an act of faith, which should have caused a proper alarm but didn't. There were endless speeches about our heritage, an island made of coal, and so on. An ancient, vital industry needed guarantees in a time of change. It got them. Coal to be mined in perpetuity. No pit closures until the last grain had been extracted—and the unions happily agreed to entirely new machines because, with the fresh pits that were to be opened, the manpower level would be kept high, and that meant their membership level and block-voting power. Acceptance of the product was guaranteed.

But about that period there came an embarrassment of discoveries and technical breakthroughs. Nuclear power-stations were multiplying fast. The country was studded with the high-efficiency Phase Five plants feeding electricity into the grid, while direct atomic furnaces were being installed in all the nationalized steelworks. Hydro-electric schemes flourished. But the big surprise came, as members will recall, while the second tidal-power-station was being set up in the Firth of Forth.

Oil was struck.

Almost from the moment that the drill-riggers sailed back with the word that they had a gusher in the sea-bed the whole estuary was clogged with claimants. Impoverished lairds and crofters went wildcatting all over the beaches with any kind of drill they could get hold of in the hope of turning into millionaires. And later many of them did. In no time oil imports shrank to a token. Refineries were hurriedly transferred north. A new boom was on.

The coal industry alone was doubtful. Not depressed—they had the Charter—just doubtful about where the coal was to go. For with the new machinery at work the rate of extraction had almost trebled. At the same time the coal-burning power-stations were being dismantled everywhere and domestic coal fires were forbidden in the spreading smokeless zones. Of course there was still the plastics industry, using vast quantities of coal-tar as its raw material.

Then came the plastics breakthrough. The astoundingly simple Timson Process enabled all the popular synthetics to be re-based on silicon instead of carbon. Almost overnight we had silon (the silicon-based nylon), silithene (the polythene variant) and all the others. Silon has proved to be almost indestructible, which accounts for its success in heavy engineering. It has proved itself for monorail tracks, motorway surfaces, car bodies and building structures. The new Channel Bridge was constructed almost wholly of it.

And these substances were synthesized from the commonest, cheapest material of all—the sands of the sea.

At this point, it is clear from the records I have examined, the coal industry began to congratulate itself on having got its Charter through just in time. Particularly since it was achieving a small breakthrough of its own in the rate of extraction, which roughly doubled again. Stockpiles, already overflowing, flooded.

No action was taken.

By 1969, as everyone knows, the situation was grave. The Dumps were becoming mountainous, six hundred to eight hundred feet high in places, and more than one of them had succumbed to combustion, causing the évacuation of

surrounding villages. Yet the Charter-protected coal still rolled from the pits in accelerating bulk.

Demand for it had almost ceased. Power-stations were now universally fed by uranium or oil. The Gas Boards had been dissolved—not quite a total loss, since two hundred of the largest gasometers had been philanthropically purchased by Lord Butlin for re-erection at his camps as theatres-in-the-round. The new housing estates of clustered tower-blocks were heated by their own reactors. The Thames Heat Exchanger supplied nuclear-boosted warmth from the river to the entire Greater London Area.

The export market had gone, too, since cheap Japanese or German reactors had equipped the world. Even the most backward tropical countries found jungles of oil to burn in their old-type power-stations. Nobody wanted coal.

Real efforts were made to find a use for it. At home some of the harder grades were offered as building material. But cases of spontaneous combustion, utterly unexpected, put an embarrassing end to this.

The Coal Board were not idle. Far from it, when they came to fight back their power seemed to have grown. At any rate they were able to lobby the Clean Air (Amendment) Act of 1969 into existence. It abolished smokeless zones but was generally regarded as a gesture to sentiment: Smoke was

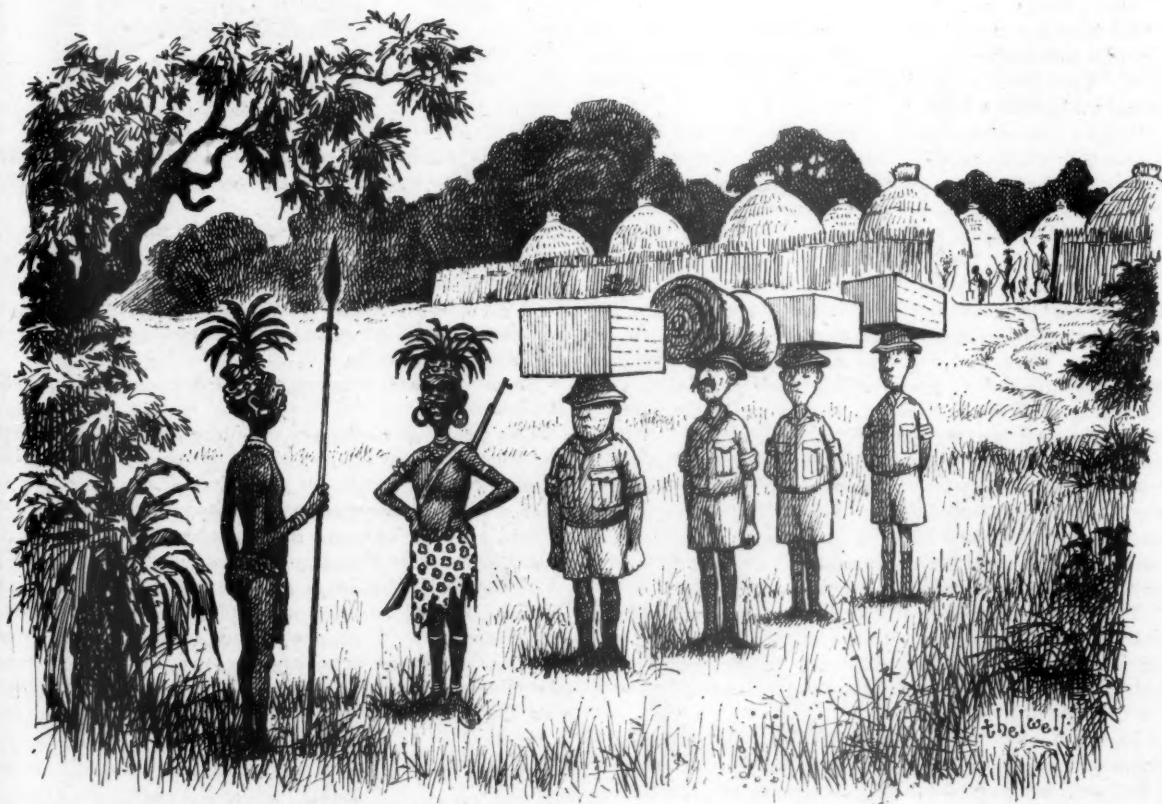
obsolescent in any case. But in the Opposition Shadow Cabinet, I wondered: it might be a cloud no bigger than a man's hand: a cloud of smoke.

Coal Board propaganda began to pour out, advocating revived coal-burning. To do them justice this had been their official line since the 1950s, but now the legal impediment had gone. Their vast reserve funds produced a rash of cathode-tube hoardings, covering the country with the tempting images of red, flickering hearths. "Build a fire of your own!" cried the TV advertisements, and there was a constant coming and going of Coal Board publicity officers at Sponsor Sitadel, the brash headquarters of the fully sponsored channels (once, ironically, the B.B.C. Television Centre before the corporation lost its own, less secure, charter).

Then came the election.

On taking office I found the Board more solidly entrenched than any body since early feudalism. They listened politely to what I said and ignored it. They knew no Government would dare to attack their Charter, least of all a Radical one with an inadequate majority.

I learnt (or thought I did) the extent of their programme. Propaganda was being extended abroad. In tight collaboration with the tourism organizations an evocative image of this country was being projected: "Now to be found in



"We let a few stay on to help us."



no other country, English fogs date back to the sea-coal-burning reign of Queen Elizabeth I." For Russian tourists, who now outnumbered the Americans, the appeal was to find the London of Dickens as they had been told it existed: replicas of the old iron gas-lamps were actually in production, ready when the opportunity came to replace the concrete sodium-lamps. An Old-Tyme Preservation Society (an offshoot of the Coal Utilization Council) was busy everywhere. Air pollution was found to have a forgotten glamour, like muffins and the music-hall. Any danger to health statistically disproved, its side-effects were sought after once again. Aesthetes were eager to restore it, comparing the homogeneity of old Manchester with ancient Athens.

This I thought was enough.

But there was more. Minister I might be, but it was only through persistence that I was able to uncover the activities of the Coal Board's secret wing. I refer of course to their rocket project, Blue Steam.

"Coal's Contribution to the Space Age!" That was the slogan with which they brazened it out when the story later broke. Without waiting for higher sanction, plans had been passed, construction started on a steam-powered, ten-stage rocket of 50,000 tons; in height it would rival the tallest of the Dumps.

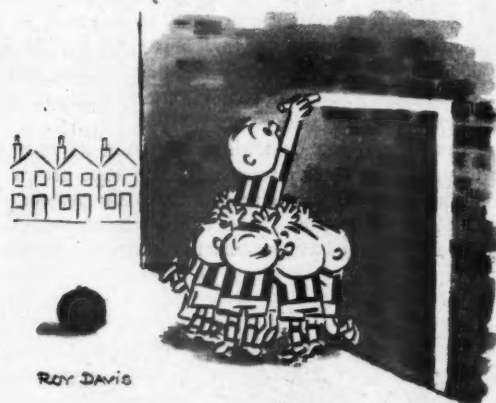
I brought the matter up at the next Cabinet meeting. Even if the concept of a coal-burning rocket should prove practicable it seemed a technically retrograde step. A matter of prestige, no more. Worthy of a certain admiration if it were not distracting the Board's attention from their proper business, the management of the mines or, more properly, the Dumps. These now hit the eye wherever one looked. I had had many, like that covering the old Croydon Airport ground, rendered more sightly by a spraying in pale grey. Those in rural areas were coloured green. But their pyramidal shapes were unmistakable and now so enduring a feature of the landscape that there were proposals to contour the more massive ones in the Ordnance Survey.

Their growth implied, of course, unprecedented cavities below ground. Yet the warnings of subsidence, the odd sinking hill or suddenly uninhabitable terrace, went largely unheeded. They were too numerous to excite attention in the columns of the micro-Press.

I must shoulder the blame, and I do so. But I had many urgent preoccupations. On that unforgettable day last year I had come straight from the official opening of Tidal Station Fifteen. As I stepped from the fast lane of the Embankment Walkway to enter the Ministry I encountered one of the Kirkcaldy oil millionaires coming out with his retinue. His

sardonic smile stayed with me all through the interminable meeting that followed with Coal Board members. It was a typical agenda: the winning struggle against the National Society for Clean Air, progress of Blue Steam, a proposal to gaslight the Mall in honour of the aged President Khrushchev's forthcoming visit. In the midst of it all came the bombshell—news of the Wigan Disaster.

The House will recall that day with sorrow. On that day the name of Wigan was struck from the comedians' vocabularies. It joined Jericho and Pompeii, as in a single hour it fell in, sank through the thin crust of retaining earth, vanished



into the bowels of Lancashire. Hopelessly undermined, weighed down by some of the largest Dumps in the country, it had long been doomed.

The nation wept. The House rang with bitter denunciations, but I did not resign. It was a time not for evasion but for action. There was no question of assaulting the Coal Board's authority or prestige—the Charter was now part of history—but there must be no recurrence of that disaster. The Dumps had to go.

Where? There is only one possible destination. Back into the mines.

This will at once solve the subsidence problem and relieve the constant alarm of the citizens in those creaking towns. Worked-out shafts will be filled first. Later, tact will be needed as replacement catches up on current extraction. It will be a test of whatever statesmanship I possess to press this vigorous Five-Year-Plan through.

Meanwhile I intend to do all I can to retard the Blue Steam project. Should it ever come to fruition it would disrupt our entire economy. I became certain of this an hour ago, hearing through my wrist-radio the latest Russian reports on the mineral wealth of the Moon. I have to tell the House that they have found coal there. In quantity.

Other portfolios will be offered to:

- (9) **ARNOLD WESKER**, Minister of Housing
- (10) **GWYN THOMAS**, Chancellor of the Exchequer

Shills' Reunion

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

I WAS casually window-shopping in the cosmopolitan area just south of Oxford Street the other afternoon, with no intention of buying a barrel of pickled gherkins or the right to distribute an X film about girl-eating spiders, let alone a piece of Britain's nascent fruit-machine racket, when a hand clutched my elbow and a voice sounded hoarsely close to my ear.

"Pat!" the man said, and I, startled, turned to confront him. "Pat, fella, you old son of a gun! I might've guessed you'd be here. Am I glad to see you!" He looked glad but anxious as he paused and searched my eyes for a sign of recognition. I felt that I knew the face, or rather the face within the face, for I couldn't believe at once that my acquaintances included anyone so gross of jowl, so evenly tanned, so smoothly massaged; they can't afford to be. I looked up and down for clues—black alligator shoes, black silk suit (a narrow horizontal rectangle of white handkerchief displaying the black embroidered initials A.L.), black silk shirt, white silk tie, black velours fedora, white silk band, white feather: he looked more sinister than someone in *Guys and Dolls* because his dress wasn't in Technicolor.

"It's me!" he exclaimed, with the false geniality of a master of ceremonies in a quiz programme who knows that he is going to have to give away the answer. "Your old buddy! Tony Larue! Reno! The Golden Horseshoe! Those crazy times playing blackjack up at Lake Tahoe! Hey, come on, let's get out of here where they can see us; I wanna talk to you." He replaced his momentarily lifted black horn-rimmed sunglasses, as one might close the peephole in a secret door, and conducted me hurriedly from the show windows of the Nevada Amusement Company, Ltd. As we left behind the rows of glittering chrome-plated machines (El Dorado, Thrillmaster, Big Ace Razzmatazz, Atomic Jackpot), with their single arms upraised in ironical salute, the London twilight flickered and dissolved and I saw again another row of machines, far away, long ago, the night I met a much

leaner Tony, when his second name had been Lasagna.

* * * * *

In 1946, for no commendable reason, I was spending the summer holidays in Reno, which in those days outshone Las Vegas as a gambling centre where people could get married almost instantaneously and divorced after being in residence for six weeks. Reno was a marvellously lopsided resort, and sophisticated dude-ranch-hands and rather less sophisticated students, outnumbered as they were by desperately gay disaffiliated women of all ages, were able to pass the time in lively and irresponsible divertissement. I was

staying in an establishment called Peggy's Guest House, which was a lot less like a boarding-house in Blackpool than its name may suggest; there were small Spanish-American villas around a patio and a swimming pool; the chef did an admirable Caesar salad; and most of the inmates, like superannuated starlets, had a tendency to wander about absentmindedly with champagne glasses. I mention all this merely because it accounts for the fact that by late August I was becoming short of funds, and for the fact that when I saw another young man, a rarity in this house of divorcées, who was leaning weakly against one of the one-armed



"You're a disgrace to your uniform!"

the Home Office. The way I dope it out, if I make the chief an attractive offer I can get the shamuses on my side, get a little protection. But some limey in uniform just looks up from his teacup and says the butler isn't seeing nobody. The butler! Can you imagine? And now I come over to Soho to try to buy a few machines quietly on my own and I run into my old buddy. I know you're going to be a big help, aren't you?"

I'm trying to persuade Tony Lasagna/Larue to migrate to Macao to muscle in on the fan-tan houses. But he insists that we old Reno hands ought to stick together. He seems very adamant, and very excitable. And I'm afraid he's convinced that after the first of the year Britain's going to be like the old days, but better, or somebody, he says, is going to be sorry.

NOTE.—All the names in this article are aliases.

even those references to the personal appearance of the band-leader, long sanctified by musty precedent: what we get now is worse, e.g., burlesque biographies of individual instrumentalists—"Bert is very generous by nature and often surprises his friends by giving them such presents as a set of second-hand tricycle tyres." So things have reached a pitch, all right, and I don't wonder that one announcer recently told me while I was shaving "Here are seven tunes which need no introduction."

New formulas have clearly got to be found. Classification by dates has pretty well had it: Tuneful 'Twenties, Throbbing 'Thirties and Fighting 'Forties, with an occasional lapse into Old Favourites of the First World War, came only second as a gimmick to classification by composers, which hammered us over the head with Coward, Youmans, Gershwin, Kern and Rodgers selections until many of us were able to say at once which of them wrote *Surrey With a Fringe on Top*, and even whether it came out of *Oklahoma!* or *Carousel*. Has classification by subjects been fully exploited? A Medley of Heart Songs (*My Foolish Heart, Zing Went the Strings of, Be Still, My H.*) suggests itself at once. Flower Selections (*Little White Gardenia, Tiptoe Through the Tulips, Honeysuckle Rose*) could make out a good case. Have we done fruit, with its Strawberry Blondes, Apple-Blossom Times and Straight Bananas? Birds are a must, whether Black, Blue or Red (for red, red robins). What about the weather (*Lost in a Fog, April Showers, Pennies*

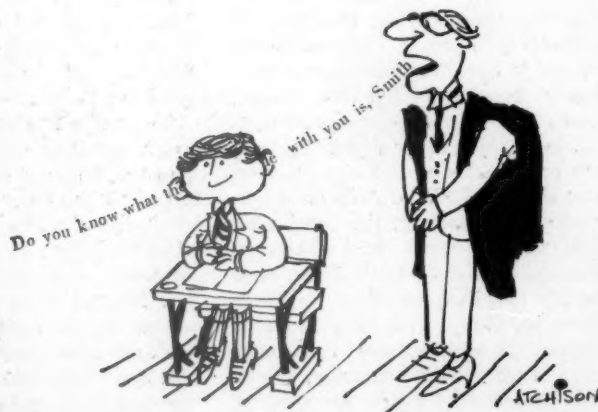
The Bands Play On

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

MUSICIANS have been worrying because more and more music is being played and fewer and fewer people listening to it. What worries me is that more and more words are being said between items—I'm thinking more of the Light Programme than, say, *Peter and the Wolf*—and meaning less and less. The fact is that producers and planners are rapidly running out of verbal excuses for playing all this stuff and even the most hardened announcer has a job to freshen the dank old vocabulary of Old Favourite, Waltz Medley, Cole Porter, Musical Comedy Selection, Hit Parade, Evergreen, Tried and True, etc. I make an exception in Mr. Victor Silvester's case because he can say

"It's tango-time for Mrs. Jenkins," without embarrassment, and only the other day referred in the most composed fashion to—and I can produce witnesses—"a well-loved melody of yesteryear."

Recently, their nerve cracking, intro-
ducers of light music have even been
thrown back on the philosophical
approach: "Nature's glories still reign
supreme over all that mere mortals can
devise, and this may be food for
thought as Lionel Staggers and his
Sextet bring you the pale fragrance of
Moonlight and Roses." Others, their
nerve actually cracked, are being driven
to comedy. By this I don't mean the
engagement of funny drummers who
abandon their drums and sing, nor



HAPPY BIRTHDAY



MEMBER FOR WOODFORD

November 30, 1949

from Heaven at a stretch, if we don't want that for a Money Medley Brother, Can You Spare a Dime, We Ain't Got a Barrel of M., etc.)? The seasons may be said to have been taken care of with handy bundles of Autumn Leaves, Easter Bonnets and Winter Wonderlands . . . and many of us are already barricading ourselves in at this time to keep that annual Red-Nosed Reindeer at bay.

And yet, somehow, the imagination fails to soar. Could we have a Footwear Medley, I wonder? Dusty Shoes, Sand in My S., Shoeshine Boy, Put Your Shoes on, Lucy . . . I fancy the more extreme inventions may have been tried. I felt, the other morning, when a man announced "Three Songs About

Corners" that he'd had to scratch about a good deal to find two more to join "Standing on the Corner, Watching All the Girls, Watching All the Girls, Watching All the Girls—" Well, you know the one.

My own feeling is that the alphabet which is, after all the basis of all language, even this sort, has been overlooked by all concerned. The ABC is not in fact the copyright of Mr. Wolf Mankowitz, Mr. Alan Melville or even (according to my present information) Mr. Maurice Winnick. Broadcasting readers, do you begin to kindle? If so, don't make the mistake of throwing the idea away with wild prodigality. It's tempting to squander these twenty-six

wonderful letters in a paltry three or four programmes by giving a tune to each, but when you've done *After You've Gone, Beside the Seaside, Chicago, Don't Say Goodbye, Every Little While, For All You Know and Gonna Get a Girl* you'll suddenly find that advance planning is already crying out for yet another new notion. Husband your resources. Spread them thin. One letter a day is plenty.

Monday: Anchors Aweigh
Amapola
At Sundown
Am I Wasting My Time?
Apollo Musagetes (Stravinsky and proud of it)
Art Thou Weary?
Alice Blue Gown
Alligator Crawl
Après-Midi d'Un Faune
(L', but what the hell)
Ave Maria

An immense additional advantage of this system is the variety of item, as you may have noticed. Never knowing what's coming next the listener will be on tip-toe all the time, duster immobile among the mantelpiece ornaments. Just look what "B" does for us:

Tuesday: Bam-Bam-Bammy Shore
Bless This House
Bach Chorale (to choice)
Blue Skies
Begin the Beguine
Boiled Beef and Carrots

By Wednesday, with *Chloe, Creole Love-Call and Come All Ye Faithful (O)*, we shall have them eating out of our hands. They may in fact be eating their own hands. They've been started on their nails for some time now.

☆

Headline

I HAVE a dozen hats at least; A floral arch; a fruity feast; A furry fez; a fluffy pail; A strip of straw beneath a veil; Concoctions comic and absurd; A standing plume; a sitting bird; A floppy brim; a flighty bow; A clover cloche; a wooden "O." And each does something to improve The way I look or feel or move - While I am searching for the hat Which will do even more than that.

— HAZEL TOWNSON

Love on the Launching Pad

By H. F. ELLIS

HERE before me, wrenched from the pages of an American magazine, is a picture of a slim blonde dressed in purple trousers, a red cummerbund and a frilly white blouse. Such at least is the description I should have given, in my rough manly way, of the lady's clothing were I not told underneath that her chore-saving lace-frilled white shirt is in no-iron 65% Dacron polyester, 35% cotton touched with Dacron polyester lace and that her tapered pants are in richly hued 100% cotton velveteen. You can have the whole lot—less the lady, who is not for buying—for about \$23.50 ("Prices slightly higher in the west," which brings home the enormous size of the United States and/or the scandalous freight rates for lace-frilled shirts and tapered pants). Below the picture of the lady (for her picture is a picture within a picture; she is in a frame, you see) are a pipe, a technical drawing and some kind of optical instrument, and beside it stands what I take to be a model of a smallish I.C.B.M.

But these details are by the way. What interests me chiefly about this attractive advertisement is the title or "message"

"He Married the Lady in the Lady Manhattan"

with its supporting legend "The rocket expert's wife, glamorous at home, in Lady Manhattan's three-stage fashion plan."

Advertisements in these days of Motivation Research are not put together idly or at random. The appeal, as I understand it, is to hidden depths, subconscious yearnings, "blank misgivings," as Wordsworth (first in the field as ever) put it, "of a creature Moving about in worlds not realized." This must mean that American women, consciously or otherwise, long to marry rocket experts. Given tapered pants and a 65% Dacron polyester shirt—such I take to be the advertisement's subtle message—they might just about pull it off.

Not so very long ago I wrote with raised eyebrows in these pages about

the tendency of popular women's magazines in this country to run stories about girls in love with architects. It seemed to me that even the nicest A.R.I.B.A. lacked something in romantic appeal compared with the sheikhs, R.A.F. pilots and tanned men from Out There of an earlier generation. But I did not doubt that the women's magazines had their fingers on their readers' pulses and knew exactly what their secret yearnings were. Now it looks as if we were moving on. What America thinks to-day Britain will think to-morrow. The indications are that the architect's brief day is over and that a bright new star is arising in the

dream-world of love and marriage. How will the rocket expert square up to his new responsibilities as Ideal Man?

I am in something of a difficulty here. No very clear picture of a rocket expert emerges, unless it be of Dr. von Braun, who is hardly eligible. The "image" has not yet crystallized. Certain characteristics are known from short film sequences at Cape Canaveral. He is cool during count-downs, staunch in the face of disappointment when Stage 2 refuses to function, human enough to register a grin of satisfaction if all those instruments oscillate as desired and his closed-circuit TV screen shows the long white snake rearing



"I think it's high time we stood up to that boy."



"I'll need another half-hundredweight of junk."

endlessly up into the sky. But what kind of hat does he wear? Has he got slim, strong fingers? Is he musical? We know that he smokes a pipe because Lady Manhattan has put one in, but is he fond of animals? And how—ah, how is he as a lover? Patient, perhaps, as he must be in his chosen work? Indomitably refusing to be discouraged? Even a shade too deliberate in his wooing? Does he, one is bound to ask, carry the count-down into his private life?

Deep down in their hearts the women of America must know the answers to these questions. One does not yearn to become the wife of a rocket expert, dream of him as the ideal mate, slip into tapered pants on the off-chance of running across one at the country club, without having a pretty clear idea of what he looks like. But the women of America have not yet taken me into their confidence. Their magazine story-writers must be busily at work even now on the chequered romances of pretty girls from Baltimore and Omaha entranced by dedicated scientists with their strange talk of nose-cones and umbilicals; a thousand pens are fixing

for ever the image of the rocket hero. But the results of their labours have not so far come my way.

Still, if the hero's lineaments are as yet dim on this side of the Atlantic, it is easy to see that his setting is admirably adapted for the tender passion. There is no difficulty whatever over the girl-meets-man business. In the old sheikh days a good many pages had to be wasted getting the girl out to Arabia; she could meet a rocket expert on page one. She would be in charge of the white mice, I fancy, and would naturally not be noticed at all by the expert at first, except for an occasional over-the-shoulder "Not too much cheese, Miss Bryce!" Well, of course after a bit something brings them together. He is working late over a tricky modification to the aft stabilizer cut-out and there is nobody else left in the building to hold that technical drawing for him while he rules some fresh lines on it. He is absorbed, intent on his work, scarcely speaking for hours at a time. "Hand me that optical instrument," he says once, and bitterly though she resents being addressed as if she were assisting

at an operation ("He treats me like a sister," she told herself angrily) she cannot help noticing how the long lean line of his jaw is pitted and scarred by the tell-tale marks of a hundred misfires. Around five o'clock in the morning he runs his fingers through his hair (which is crisp, I think), muttering "It's this negative feedback we've got to eliminate somehow," and as she leans over to see what he is

Man in Office by Larry



Organ Solo

"If a graft of a vital organ is necessary . . . have an identical twin brother or sister ; the next best relation to have is a mother, but a father is useless."—The New Scientist

SING a song of swelling Manhood
Striding, forceful, down the street;
Father! fearful Name of power;
Father! you are obsolete.

Good for working, good for earning,
Good at even looking daft;
Good for giving Mother children,
Dad's no use at giving graft.

Father hums and takes it calmly,
Twins and mother swell with pride.
Father knows, when they've been gutted
He'll remain intact inside.

—JEFFREY LITTMAN

jabbing at with the stem of his pipe her hair accidentally brushes his cheek. "You must be tired, Miss Bryce," he says, and I need scarcely add that the momentary contact, combined with his kindly thought for her ("So he is human after all!" she whispered later, in the privacy of her simply furnished apartment, albeit not without soft feminine touches) made her quiver all over like a Titan undergoing an anchored test-firing on the launching pad.

There is no need to pursue the matter. The days slip by and his apparent indifference as he watches her strap the neurometers on her charges before popping them into their containers pains her deeply. But what of it? The man is under a considerable strain. Later on, when all those tense men with headphones have pressed their switches and reported "Switches Pressed!" and all the green lights have flashed, and all the umbilicals have done what umbilicals are meant to do, and the count-down is over and the rocket has soared away on its appointed course, OK for thrust and boost and separation, and the little screens and dials are flickering their cheerful messages on every side, why then the rocket expert can relax and let his heart have its way with him. There is a new light in his eyes as he comes to stand beside her where she is methodically logging the heartbeats of the mice, despite the thumping of her own; and she, with a woman's swift intuition, slips off her working overalls and stands revealed before him in richly hued tapered pants and no-iron 65% Dacron polyester. And that, in a word, is that. He marries the lady in the Lady Manhattan.



Welcome Poor Americans!

As President of the British Tourist Council I am deeply sympathetic towards our American cousins in their financial plight, exemplified by the U.S. Government's new retrenchment policy on its gold and dollar drain. But, my friends, you can still come to Britain. You will see from this specially prepared brochure that our hospitality can be tailored to your diminished purse, that the British cab-driver or Stately Homes guide will, if you insist, give change, and that an evening out (at strategically selected night spots) may be enjoyed for something well under two hundred dollars. Wear your oldest Palm Beach suit; no one will laugh at the darns: you are still welcome, poor Americans.

TANTRUM OF RUGELEY

President

THE BEST THINGS IN BRITAIN ARE FREE

The cream of sight-seeing in Britain costs nothing. If you plan your trip to take in Trafalgar Day (October 21), for instance, you can see a brave display of flags on all business houses whose caretakers have remembered to hang them out. (Do not expect this entertainment on July 4, which is not celebrated everywhere in the U.K.)

Our free libraries and reading-rooms are ideal for forgetting hunger pangs, and are well patronized by Britons eager for the chance to strike up an interesting silence. There is music a-plenty, small bands frequently playing in the gutters of railway station approaches. Health drinks are gratis at many market fountains, either by squirt or tin cup. And, as is already well known the world over, a visitor has only to break a limb or contract allergic rhinitis to be cared

for by the nearest National Health Service doctor. As in your own country Britain is a constantly changing scene of architectural excavations and demolitions, and you can watch these in progress for nothing, if you get there before the rush starts.

London, particularly, is rich—if you will forgive the word—in museums and art galleries, and in the British Museum alone it is possible to spend a whole morning without exhausting its attractions. All are free, unless, in the case of the galleries, something specially worth seeing is on show, when warning is usually given through the press.

Once you become accustomed to the wide range of these inexpensive amenities you will no doubt take courage to enter establishments not officially recognized as tourist

sights. Sympathizers with your plight will readily escort you on tours of gasworks, municipal offices and other near show-places such as the headquarters of the British Transport Commission, the National Debt Office, the National Savings Committee, the Charity Commission, the University Grants Committee or any of the more liberal-minded Catchment Boards. Just say you are an American: they will understand, and expect no reward.

For a selection of specimen free tours, from the cheap half-day (two building sites, waits in selected Mayfair bus-queues, a good look at Aldgate Pump) to the cheap four-week (mostly old manor houses scheduled for demolition) why not send your name and address to the publishers of this brochure? Postage will, of course, be refunded.

WHERE TO GO

Few Americans have seen the real Britain, but the chance to do so is now yours. Had you reached these ancient shores in the days of your prosperity you would doubtless have made the conventional rounds, London, Stratford, Winchester, Bath, Windsor, walking on a carpet of your own dollars. To-day, when every cent must pay its way, new glories await you.

Why not be among the first of your countrymen to see magnificent Wolverhampton? For Staffordshire, with careful planning, can be the cheapest England we have. Walsall, one of the few guide-book towns with absolutely nothing under "Features of Interest"; nearby Smethwick, with its locally popular Victoria Public Park (no charge). But this is as near as you should go to Birmingham, where you will enter the expenses-sheet price-belt.

Another area scarcely less easy on your slender wallet of traveller's cheques is the great eastern plain of Norfolk and Suffolk, where you can walk for half a day without seeing anything to buy of any kind. (But again avoid the larger towns.) Herons may be seen free on the Norfolk Broads. Or why not spend a week in sparsely populated Lincolnshire? It has a barren beauty all its own, with fenlands stretching peacefully in all directions, and an inexpensive itinerary can be built around the euphony of its place-names alone: Osgodby, Usselby, Stickney, Tumbly, Winceby, Scamblesby, Ulceby—many of these may prove to be places so long unvisited that the inhabitants have lost all guile; in return for your hard-luck story about Wall Street or Fort Knox they might even send you away with a handout.

In the main give all coastal strips a wide berth, particularly in the south-west, where a moment's pause at a Cornish Riviera souvenir shop could undo all your economies so far.

The accompanying map shows average weekly expenditures.

□ \$20

▨ \$60

▩ \$100

■ \$400



An amusing and inexpensive week can be spent at SLAGTHORPE MOTEL. These historic buildings (below) once housed the families of American airmen stationed at Slagthorpe Atomic Command Air Station, but have now been vacated under the new

economy regulations. The local inhabitants are quite accustomed to American ways, and you will meet hardly any traces of hostility. If you are lucky you may even see Britishers carrying out their age-old folk-demonstrations at your very gates.



BRITAIN is an OLD COUNTRY

Why hire a new car to go round it?

All our cars are guaranteed pre-war

JALOPY HIRE LTD.

If you get round Britain in a Jalopy you'll have something special to tell your friends back home!

HIDE YOUR CAMERA!

News of the new American poverty has not always penetrated to the quiet corners of England where you will find yourself. The Oldest Inhabitant will expect the old largesse when he sees your shiny new Picturemaster. Camera Camouflage of Bond St. have a wide range of battered old cases, guaranteed to make any camera look thirty years old.

LEARN TO FADE INTO THE BACKGROUND

The Bureau of the Standard English Accent has branches in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. Here you can learn (fee payable in dollars) to speak like an Englishman, dress like an Englishman, behave like an Englishman. You need no longer bring discredit on your country by seeming to be a mean American—you can be a mean Englishman, and supplement your currency allowance by taking safe bets on the colour of your passport.

Yes, taxis are expensive, aren't they?

And the subways are crowded and buses always go in the wrong direction.

But there is another way of getting about!

THE ARTHUR MURRAY School of Walking

can teach you the lost art of going from place to place on foot. Satisfied pupils, after three half-hour lessons, have walked up to a mile without exhaustion.

SOME THINGS TO WATCH OUT FOR

Food

The American visitor will probably find his usual steady diet of steaks too great a strain on his purse, and will have to fall back on native cooking. If he is not careful he may suffer from "Limy Tummy" for a few days. But the following dishes, one or more of which is usually available in most cheap eating houses, should be safe:

- Cottage Pie (Hash and spuds)
- Irish Stew (Hash and spuds)
- Goulash (Hash and spuds)
- Mince (Hash)

Fish 'n' Chips is a local delicacy and extremely reasonably priced, but as it is invariably fried it has a heavy cholesterol content and should not be eaten in large quantities by those who have leanings towards coronary thrombosis.

The Law

Money. Some British regulations are as stringent as your own. If a plausible stranger offers to lend you pounds in exchange for dollars when he visits the States, you will be breaking the law of both countries if you agree.

Sleeping Out. If in the country, get permission from the landowner. If in town, choose your spot with care, or a friendly bobby may move you on for "causing an obstruction."

Hitch-hiking is the cheapest way of getting about, and is allowed on all but a very few roads which, though they may not seem very impressive to you, are the best in

Britain and are distinguished by the letter "M."

Working Your Passage. If you have the good fortune to be offered a temporary job, do not make the mistake of asking whether it is permitted by our Labour laws. It is almost certainly not.

Tipping

You will not always be able to avoid giving gratuities. Divide by four (4) the sum that you would have given last year, and you will be not far off what the native Briton would give in the same circumstances. If the recipient turns his back on you, he is probably only embarrassed by the straits to which you have been reduced.

Some Useful Phrases

That's a cute gold-plated doorstep you have in the window.

Show me something more practical, please.

Will you folk never learn to make a chilled martini?

I am acquiring a taste for mild ale.

Yeah, we did Scotland last week-end.

I think we can afford the fare to Banbury.

Your policemen are wonderful.

Careful! That copper's got his eye on us.

Keep the change, kid.

Thank you.

A Punch Series to encourage SF writers



Galsworthy in Space

By PETER DICKINSON

THERE came an evening—if evening it could be called with no sun to set your gold half-hunter by and Time, to quote Aunt Hester, “not itself, because of this tiresome business of travelling faster than light”—there came an evening when James tapped the ash off his cigar into the regenerator with a feeling of disgust. A bad business! Distaste he had always felt. The ash should be allowed to form on a cigar, proving the excellence of the tobacco by its length, a long, grey accretion, still faintly glowing at one end, like the memory of a life almost lived out. Not this tap-tap-tap into the regenerator. Still, this was better (even if it did mean sitting up here alone with an unsympathetic gadget) than allowing one's cigar ash to be mixed in an ash-tray with George's reeking Havana. This machine would never sort them out. Just like Swithin to install it, all brass knobs and no palate for tobacco! Here, at least, you got your own cigar back, band and all, ten minutes after you'd smoked it. But now, he found, there was something—he didn't know how to put it; had his mind been used to working such unfamiliar country he might have said “immoral”—something disgusting about the process. Old Jolyon, he'd noticed, had long since given up smoking.

Cigars! How delicious they had been back on earth! James crossed his legs, tugged with his free hand at his white whiskers and allowed melancholy to well through him. He should never have come! He was a tree torn from the soil, with the long, delicate tendrils of his roots—tendrils that had stretched and crept into half the property in England, sucking the good, life-giving four-per-cent from Standish Coal and Gorbals Development and British String and Absac and Triumphant Corporate Insurance and their innumerable peers—his roots naked to the unsuckling air. What if they'd all gone! Gone with the scrip that showed that he, James Forsyte Esquire, held such-and-such shares in each concern; gone with their boards of directors and secretaries and superintendents of mines; gone with the property in Soho and the Forsyte houses round the park and the marble group of Swithin's that young Bosinney had praised so ambiguously; gone with the very Welsh hill where sheep had grown fat in order to become a series of saddles of mutton on his sideboard! All gone, crumbled into dust, radioactive dust at that. Should he not have gone with them?

Not that *he'd* known the world was going to explode. Nobody ever told him anything! He hadn't, he realized,

even seen it happening. Little Holly (or perhaps it had been Molly or Polly or Dolly) had come bursting into his room, waking him from some dream or other.

“Oh!” she had cried, “it was like a green flower! It grew quick, ever so quick! And now it's all gone and there's only dark and a few stars.”

He hadn't known what she was talking about, not then, nor why she had suddenly begun to cry. *He'd* only come out for a quick spin in Swithin's new space-ship—and a deal of money that had cost, and a lot of shaking of heads at Timothy's—with all the other Forsytes to give Swithin an excuse for showing off its paces to Irene.

“Won't take a week!” Swithin had declared, his eyes popping, his old, sunken cheeks mottled with patches of a half-youthful flush at the thought of taking a pretty woman out into deep space. “Not a week! Why, feller that stables her for me says that if I let her go for a bit along some curve or other we'll be back before we start! Leave on Wensdy, back on Toosdy, *he* says, and I pay him good money.”

“Do that once or twice and you'll make a nice killing on 'Change,” George had muttered, always the wag.

And how long had they been gone now? Hundred and eighty years, James made it, and none of them a day older because of this fidgety regenerator. All that time, which might have been spent allowing his four-per-cent quietly to accumulate, and not a thing to show for it! Not much to do, either, unless you wanted to join George's idiotic sweepstake on who was going to marry Young Jolyon next. A bad business!

Suddenly, with the sense of shock that a man set in his ways must feel when the predictable does not conform to the prediction, James uncrossed his legs and sat upright, staring at the regenerator. It hadn't given him his cigar back! And, by Jove, it was palpitating oddly! The contraption was about to explode, he shouldn't wonder. He had better go and inform Jolly, who had a knack with such things. However much James despised the regenerator and disliked eating the same saddle of mutton Monday in, Monday out, for a century, he did not carry his dislike to the unForsytean extreme of being prepared to starve in deep space.

He stood up, and at once sat down again, the chair creaking under him. The gravity gadget had gone wrong too, by Jove! Too much, and not straight either. He rose again and walked carefully out into the corridor. There he observed

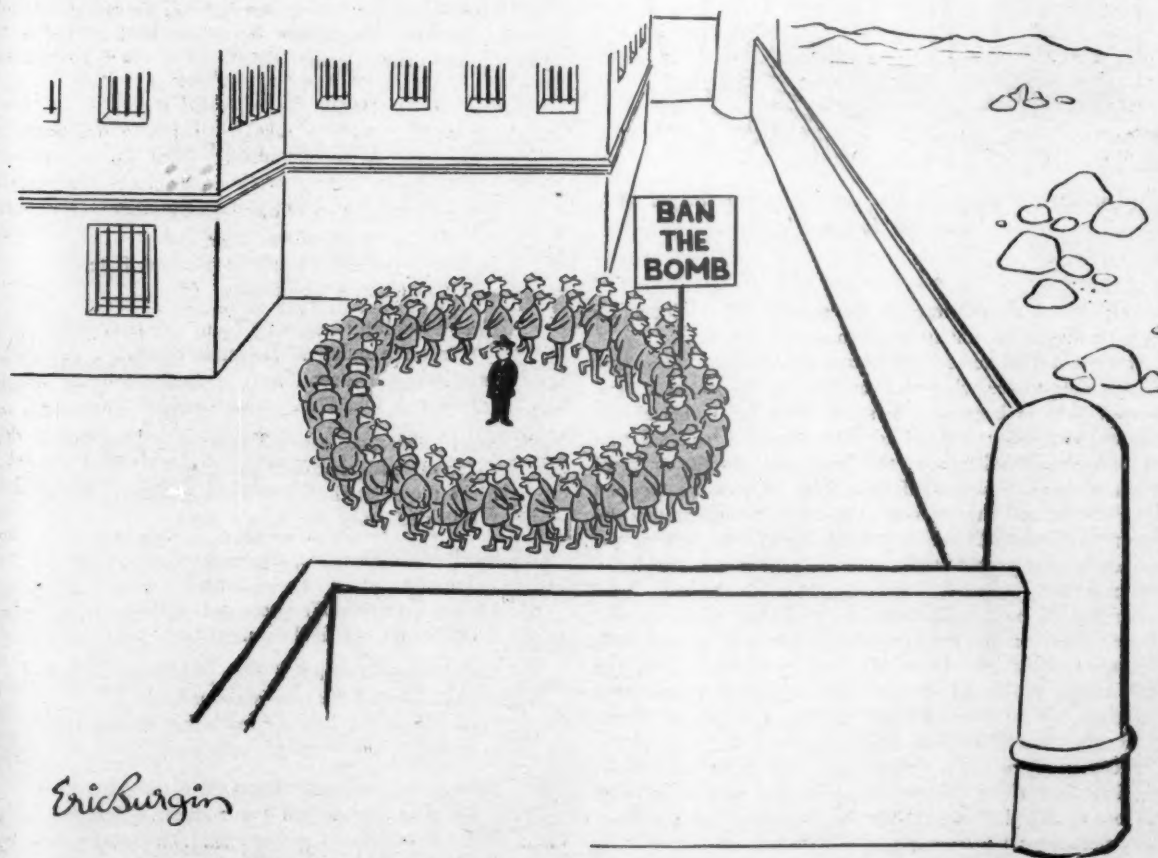
that all along the side the Dutch paintings of fishing boats at sea—poor things, really, which would never have fetched much at obson's—were hanging some inches away from the satir-striped crimson wallpaper. He was right, and the gravity thing was wrong. Gratifying in a way. James felt as though he had outwitted one of the forces of nature as he teetered along the sloping passage in search of another Forsyte. But the ship was empty.

Than James there was no saner Forsyte (if, as we are told, the leading symptom of sanity is self-preservation, though without doubt Timothy went too far). After he had peered at the curious, grey, cottony vegetation of the planet—one of Vega's, he dare say, or Aldebaran's or some such outlandish star—where Swithin had brought his ship down (more by luck than good judgment probably), James went back and switched off the regenerator. No wonder it was getting hot, trying to regenerate a whole planet. Then he went to the gun-room, edged round the billiards-table which had slid against the outer wall, and chose himself one of the smaller Beta-particle disintegrators—nothing that would tax his strength; he was getting old again, he told himself, now that the regenerator was off—and examined it curiously. They'd never shown him how to use it. Nobody ever told him anything! IN CASE OF EMERGENCY PULL TRIGGER it said,

in an ornate copperplate script set among the silver chasing. Well, that sounded simple enough. He returned to the landing port, climbed carefully down the ladder, and began to walk along the path towards what appeared to be a village about a mile away. That's where the others had gone, no doubt. (Houses are Property *in excelsis*, and after a hundred and eighty years in deep space any true Forsyte would have travelled far to see one brick standing on another.)

As James stepped, with slow, mechanical precision, towards the village he did not realize that from three yards away he was as good as invisible, so perfectly did his grey clothes and his grey face and his grey cottony whiskers tone with the natural vegetation of the planet, and that it was for this reason that he approached the village unseen. Quite respectable houses, he observed, if a bit foreign-looking, but that could soon be put right. Not a soul about though. Inspired by his praeter-Forsytean impulse to self-preservation, he did not enter the village, but started to edge his way round it through the grey vegetation, using little paths like those left by children after a summer of playing in some favoured coppice. As he moved he began to hear a noise.

A familiar sort of a noise, though strange—a measured shouting in one voice, increasing in pitch and excitement, followed by a sharp rapping and a murmuring of many





"I got just the thing for that cat-food jingle—coupla bars from the Emperor."

voices. James steered towards the sound, still cautious. He wasn't going to become involved in anything unfitting.

It was not until he had half circumnavigated the village that he was able to see what was causing the uproar, as it now seemed to have become. He stood, wrapped in his almost magical invisibility, on the edge of a smooth clearing that lay between the village and the vegetation. In the midst of it was a rough, timber platform, round which were grouped the Forsytes and the natives. The Forsytes appeared to be prisoners, each with an arm held fiercely by one of the natives. James peered at the latter with distaste. They were bumpy-looking beggars, Cambridge blue for the most part, moving about on several tentacles; at the top of each was a single, huge, limpid eye, round which waved innumerable crimson tendrils, like those of a sea anemone. James had once sat on the board of the Central African Exploitation Company, and knew something of the habits of natives. These, he decided, were not to be trusted.

Suddenly there was a turbulence in the group, and James could see one of the Forsytes being hustled forward to stand in front of the platform. It was his own son, Soames, erect, clean shaven, grey as a church but apparently impassive. The single, large native on the platform began his rhythmic shouting, and at once James perceived what was afoot. Not, as

he had feared, a form of sacrifice, but something more familiar, something he had seen often enough back on earth, for he had been a great frequenter of Jobson's. Soames was up for auction! One of the Jolyons, in his tiresome philosophical vein, might have argued that this was indeed a sacrifice, supreme in its way for a Forsyte, for none of them had ever had a chance to become Property, though all had loved it all their lives. But to James, incapable of irony, it was a degradation. And it was clearly an emergency just such as Geo. W. Cook, the manufacturer of the Beta-particle disintegrator, had foreseen.

James stepped forward into the clearing and raised the weapon to his shoulder. The auctioneer, perhaps imagining for a moment from the gesture that he had received another bid, waved towards James with a tentacle and gave another rhythmic shout. In the next instant James had pulled the trigger and the auctioneer vanished. There was a silence, just such as might have occurred at Jobson's had some hot-head, contemptuous of the natural order of things, pelted the great Jobson on his rostrum with some *objet d'art* or other. Then, with one unanimous squeal, the blue, bumpy beggars took to their tentacles and rushed for the shelter of the village, leaving the grey Forsytes alone in the wide grey space.

"By Jove, Uncle James," said George (his waggery in no way diminished by his having just been up for public auction—LOT 19, This Magnificent Specimen of an Earthling), "you'll have to start a game-book."

Dear Devil

SEEKER of souls, if you pine for mine, mate,
You've nearly gotten your way.
In fact I could be yours to-morrow, Sate,
If you make it like to-day.

That thoughtful headache (your personal brew?)
Was quite enough. I wouldn't have
Imagined you'd send up a toothache, too.
For me? Oh, Dev. You shouldn't have.

Send again those screams of a child provoked.
Ply me with moths in the chest.
Make the toilet choke. And—your master stroke—
Slip that stuck zip in my dress.

Send your apprentice, disguised as my friend,
To stop "for a bite of lunch."
Let her eat to-night's sweet and, at the end,
Opine, on her final crunch,

To my drooling child, "Nice girls never whine,"
And "Nice little girls stand straight."
Have her preach I should teach that child to mind
And ask had I gained some weight?

Jobs done that neatly should win completely.
I'll give you myself (your due)
When my husband greets me by repeating
How much I do look like you.

— JENNIE FARLEY

The Day's Work

By B. A. YOUNG

"IT'S cushy," said Mr. Jack Cooper as he left the Derbyshire Coalite Company's premises after his first day's work since living on National Assistance for three-and-a-half years. "There's nothing to it."

How very different from what I had imagined. I would have thought his first day would have been purgatory. I visualized it rather like this:

"Ah, you're Cooper. Glad to have you with us, Cooper. Now you see that stack of Coalite over there? Right then, get hold of this shovel and draw a wheelbarrow from the stores and get cracking on moving it over here.* Okay?"

"Okay."

"Get weaving then. You're not on National Assistance here."

* * * * *

"Cooper, you're wanted."

"Mr. Cooper, I'm from *The Times*. I wondered if you'd care to tell us your impression of your new job."

"Well, I've only been at it five minutes, guv."

"What I was really after was your view of work in general, how you get on with your colleagues, your idea of labour relations with the employers and so on. If you could just spare me ten minutes—?"

"You'll have to square it with the gaffer."

"Oh, that's quite all right. Now, would you say . . ."

* * * * *

"Cooper!"

"Well, Jack, how's it going? I'm from the *Daily Story*. You got anything good to tell us?"

"I only started ten minutes—"

"Yes, sure, don't you worry, boy. Suppose I just say your mates are a grand lot of fellows, would that be right? Sure, sure, I know you haven't met any of them, but it sounds good, doesn't it? And then suppose I just say . . ."

* * * * *

"Cooper!"

"*Daily Picture*. Got a minute? Want a fag? What, not allowed to? That's petty tyranny, isn't it? Petty tyranny

*My knowledge of the Coalite industry is anything but wide.

of the bosses. Well, all right, if you don't want to. Now, what about a picture? What do you do with that spade thing you've got there? Shovel coal? Okeydoke, let's see how it looks. No, not over there. Yeah, yeah, I know it's where you're working but it won't make a picture. Look, boy, just come over here a minute, will you? Now I want you . . ."

* * * * *

"COOPER!"

"Oh, Mr. Cooper, we're from the B.B.C. I wondered if you'd mind if we just took a shot of you on your first day at work. I think it would be rather fun, don't you? Nothing at all elaborate—just show us what it is you do. Yes, yes, that's absolutely marvellous. Brian, you can get a shot like that, can't you? Oh, and Mr. Cooper, I don't suppose you've got any blisters on your hands yet, have you? It would be rather gay . . ."

* * * * *

"Excuse me, are you Jack Cooper?"

"Suppose I am?"

"Would you mind signing my autograph book? Look, I've got Petula Clark and Cliff Richard."

And so at the end of the day the great mountain of Coalite that Mr. Cooper should have been speeding on its way to the grates of the smokeless zones is hardly diminished by a lump; and even then there is still the press conference in the Bolsover Arms to be faced, and the interview with Fyfe Robertson for *Tonight* ("But what exactly is it you dislike about work, Mr. Cooper?"), and the friends round to see it all on the television. "I only did about half an hour's real work," Mr. Cooper told the press modestly. But I don't see him in my mind's eye leaning negligently on his shovel or whatever tool it was he was using; I see him conscientiously devoting the other seven-and-a-half hours of his working day to keeping up with his innumerable fans.

Perhaps it wasn't like that at all though. Perhaps when Mr. Cooper said "If this is what they call work, it's OK," he was simply contrasting conditions in the Coalite industry with the lot of a husband and father who cannot conceal the fact that he has the whole day in front of him and nothing to do,



Pianoforte

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

THERE comes a time in almost every man's life when he decides to buy a piano. Suddenly, quite suddenly, the advantages of sedentary recreation become apparent: he switches from gardening to indoor gardening, from spade and fork to a tiny plastic all-purpose cultivator and a boudoir-type bottle of potted plant food; he switches from cricket or long walks (remind me to explain the difference) to chess; and he switches from the strenuous boredom of channel-blurred television to a serene self-expressive seat at the piano.

For a week or so, while he is in process of switching, he becomes involved in bitter nostalgic bouts of regret. If only he had accepted his mother's advice all those years ago. If only he had pressed on with and practised that sonatina by Heller. If only he had not gone stark raving mad and sold (sold: why he more or less gave it away) the old, fretted, understrung Bachsteig

cottage upright that had been in the family for decades, the miserable excuse being that children were coming and something had to go to make room for a partitioned nursery. But if only lead to gin-and-tonics and enough gins lead to a resigned martyred euphoria and swift decisions.

"We ought to have a piano," he says.

"We had one—remember?"

"I know. But that was a mistake. We need one now. The children are growing up. They'd never forgive us if . . ."

"Where'd we put it?"

"There's stacks of room. It's a must. It would do you good anyway to knock off a bit of your old Chopin. Relaxing."

"What kind of piano?"

"A grand."

"Oh."

"It would look well. We need a grand. We *deserve* a grand, dammit."

"Well . . . black or walnut?"

"Doesn't matter. Let's get in there, making our own music, instead of listening forever to other people's diabolical efforts. Let's have fun. Remember that Haydn duet? The one—number ninety-seven, wasn't it?—where you . . ."

So they decide to acquire a piano. Grand. Not too grand. Baby, babyish.

"There's one advertised here," she says. "Nierstein Musika in excellent condition, regularly tuned, professional pianist until recently. See Sat, Sun."

"Where?"

"Longacre Gardens, 147. No price mentioned."

"We were going to see the Shellenbornes on Saturday, weren't we?"

"I'll put them off. Say you've got a cold."

"Say you've got a cold. It's your turn."

Examining a second-hand piano is a tricky business. The house is appraised from the avenue. The neighbourhood is respectable. The house is detached, neat, cared for. There is a number on the gate. Not a stupid, preposterous name.

"I'm hopeful."

"Ditto; but for God's sake be careful."

They are ushered into the sitting room. Biggish. Where? Yes, there it is. Not bad. Bulbous legs, fretworky music-rest, but white keys.

"How old is it?" he asks uselessly.

"I bought it at Selfridge's fifteen years ago for £170, but it was second-hand of course. I've no idea really. It's German, of course, and German pianos . . ."

He recalls some rumpus about the Bechstein family and Hitler.

"It's *very* nice."

"Unusual."

"H'm. Of course it's a bit . . ."

"Overstrung?"

"I think so."

"Oh, I *am* sorry. Arthritis is the very devil. I *am* sorry. Still, I've no doubt you've had your . . ."

"Try it, dear."

"Yes, I suppose . . ."

This is the moment of agony. How to try it? Years and years ago there was that quietly confident note-perfect but crassly amateurish rendering of the first eight bars of the Moonlight. Damn. No good. Can't remember where it starts. That bit from *The Classics Simplified*,



"We'll never get like that, will we, darling?"



"I must say you look very distinguished without your beard."

Der Tod und Das Mädchen . . .
Played it at Freda's party. No. Chopsticks? But that would be insufferable. Instead he taps middle C gingerly and with the index finger climbs through an octave.

"Nice tone. Yes, very nice. Mind if I look inside?"

"What—er—price are you asking? I see. No, of course not. The cartage is extra. Oh, no, we're not too far away . . . Well, yes, we live right next door to the Benskins. Are you . . .? Yes, we see quite a lot of them. Is he back from the East then? Oh. Fancy that!"

They buy it. They get it home. They like it. They play it. They polish it. They have it tuned. They buy sheet music. They play the Haydn duet. He plays the Moonlight. She plays the Chopin rondo.

They remember the children.

Midnight and Morning

I OFTEN stroll beside the inky Thames
When midnight sparkles in the narrow ways.

She's an old courtesan hung round with gems.
Topaz, tourmaline, chrysoprase
Upon her bosom coruscate and shine
Like fossil remnants of the light divine.

But the young dawn, like some untrammelled girl
She wears no jewels. Her beauty needs
No diamond, opal or luxurious pearl.

They say such stones would seem like tawdry beads
Beside the dawn, so beautiful is she.

One of these days I must get up and see.

— R. P. LISTER

Strange, White Fluff in Gloucestershire

By PATRICK RYAN

AT the last report I saw it was estimated that the American hurricane "Donna" would hit the insurance market for fifty-three millions. I feel mutual sympathy for the brokers because the tempestuous lady was responsible for giving me a nasty turn, too.

Because I look healthy my daughter long ago despaired of coming early into my money by natural causes. She decided that the best practical short cut would be to get me certified so that she might be appointed my guardian in lunacy. To this end she used to spend every breakfast-time asking questions designed to hurry me round the bend. I don't think she has succeeded but she

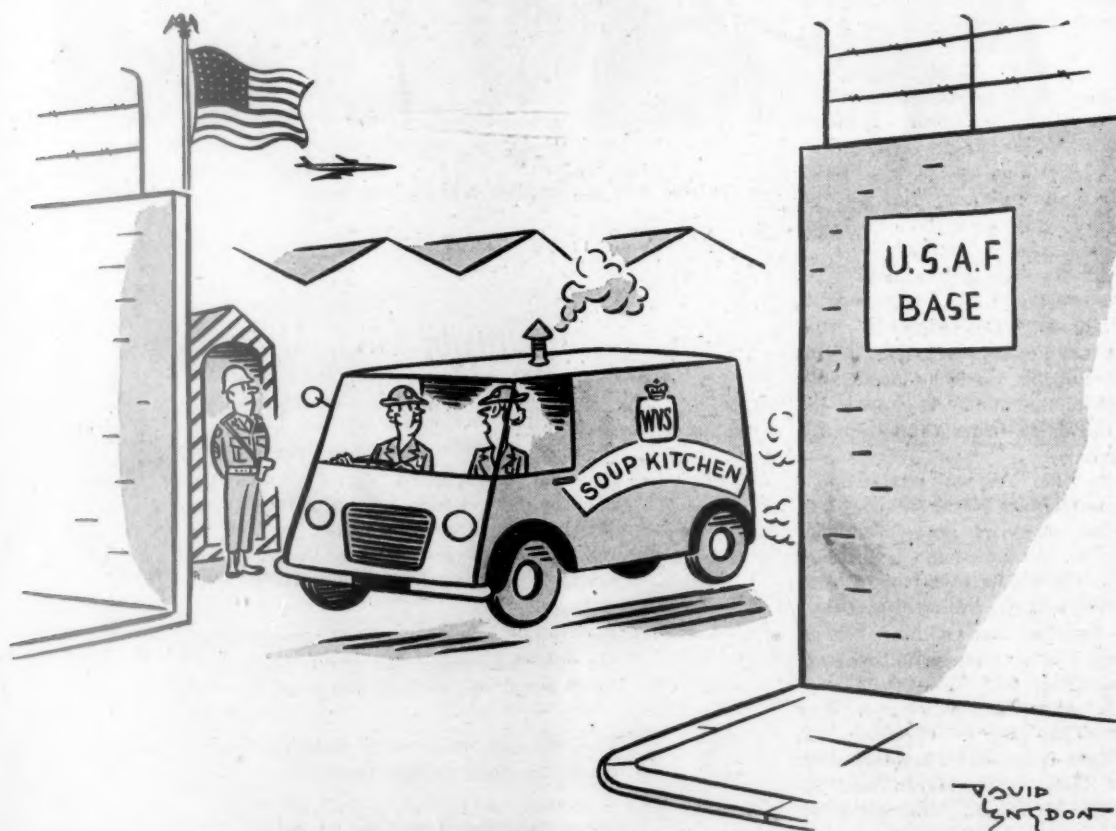
dealt some unhinging blows with such bolo-queries as "Could a giraffe eat a lamp-shade?" or "How do tramps make Christmas pudding?" Salvador Dali, Ezra Pound and my daughter would be happy around the same bowl of porridge.

My main weapon in defence of my reason was silence. I spent many weary years in answering her crazy inquiries only to be met with the traditional barrage of "But why?" before I discovered that if no one bit her question within thirty seconds she either answered it herself or thought of another one. Being female, she abhors a verbal vacuum and this ploy worked satisfactorily until she became ten years old and more cunning with it. She then

changed her tactics, gave up the direct question hurled at my raised paper and took to throwing out titillating statements inspired by the column-fillers on the back page. These announcements are carefully phrased to draw people into conversation from sheer curiosity or pardonable doubt as to her own sanity.

"In Chesterfield," she would suddenly proclaim, "a fox jumped into a washing-machine and slept there all night. The lady was so aghast that she stood on a chair."

This irresistible news choked me on my bacon and gave her the opening for a deranging ten minutes of inquisition starting with "What would you do,



"Kind of you, lady," he said, "but we haven't quite reached that stage yet."

apart from being aghast, if a fox jumped into our washing-machine?"

"In New Zealand," she cried, a week later, "they are having a protest march because the Government has just gassed the last rabbit that could stand to attention and salute when the band played 'God Save The Queen.'"

I became so involved with that talented, tragic rabbit that I missed the 8.20, and this important chap with the library-glasses was tapping his teeth impatiently when I finally got in. Like Man, however, I am adaptable and I was developing some resistance to her tasty reports when, one frail Monday morning, she hit me with her hurricane.

"It says here," she read from the back page, "that the hurricane Donna will cost the London insurance market fifty-three million. I bet that's more than that hurricane in Gloucestershire cost them. There was this man who was in his house and he heard the noise and saw all that strange, white fluff coming through the air and he said to his children 'It's a hurricane. Get down behind the furniture.'"

I did my best to ignore the whole thing; I might have been able to turn a deaf ear to the strange, white fluff but it was "Get down behind the furniture" that did for my restraint. I lowered my spoonful of vitamin-enriched cornflakes.

"Where did you read that?" I asked.

"In the paper."

"This paper? Where?"

"About Donna in this one. Not about Gloucestershire. That was in all the papers a little while ago."

"What was this strange, white fluff?"

"It didn't say. It just said strange, white fluff."



"Right, temporary staff di-i-i-i-i-ss—miss!"

"Was it snow?"

"Snow?" she withered me. "Snow in August? You're a bit in the head, aren't you?"

"Not yet. But what happened to this man and his children?"

"They were all right."

"The fluff didn't get them?"

"Of course it didn't."

"Why not?"

"Because they did as he told them. They got down behind the furniture."

She looked around the room before moving into the main attack, preparing her latest nail for the door of my padded cell.

"Supposing," she said, "there was a hurricane full of strange, white fluff from Gloucestershire coming up our back garden. Which piece of furniture

do you think you'd get behind?" I studied the possibilities. Goodness knows we've only a few sticks, but her mother needn't have bought the whole lot contemporary. There wasn't a thing in the place worth twopence for getting down behind. Sideboard, bookcase, television-set, all teetering up on spindle-legs and if you got down behind any of them in a strange, white fluff hurricane, you'd be covered all over like a strange, white Babe in the Wood inside five minutes. I sensed she was trying to entice me back on to the old why-why treadmill and took evasive action.

"You're making it all up," I said. "Just so that you can dominate the conversation."

"I am *not*. It was in all the papers. And I asked you a question. Which

Punch Civil Disobedience Campaign

Announcing a series of
Incitements to Civil
Disturbance, Riot,
Newspaper Corres-
pondence, etc.

No. 9

PEERS! PEERS! PEERS!
All out Sunday next, 3 p.m.
Trafalgar Square, in protest
against Viscount Stansgate's
activities in belittlement of
the nobility. Violence and
arrests obligatory. Robes
optional.

STAMP OUT THE STANSGATE STIGMA!



piece of furniture would you get down behind?"

"That's a stupid question."

"It's not. You always say that when you don't know the answer."

"I do not. If only you asked a sensible question now and again..."

"It is sensible. You can't have anything more sensible than the *Telegraph*."

The argument bickered along the usual lines into a first-class Monday-breakfast shouting match, madam departed for school with a face like thunder and I missed the 8.20 again. Her surrealist anecdote had its grapples fixed firmly in my brain and all day long my ears were inhabited by the soft rushing of a Gloucestershire hurricane and the voice of a man from Tewkesbury chanting over and over again "Get down behind the furniture." A sand-storm of white kidney spots whirled unceasingly before my eyes; dimly through the driving haze I could see children huddled behind a Welsh dresser, but I could neither see nor hear this important chap with the library-glasses clearly. This impediment endeared me to him even less than usual and I commuted for the rest of the week between two worlds of rancour, himself fuming and black-booking at one end and my doubted daughter glowering at the other.

Fortunately for us all exorcism came on Sunday. She was back on monosyllabic speaking terms with me and

we went together to exercise her dachshund. In the hope of currying her favour I drove past our customary parks and out into the open country beyond. We rolled through fields of fire-weed, ripe and thick with cotton as Texicana, and finally stopped at a promising stile. The footpath led across a field and then fell steeply down into the narrow valley of a stream. As we made for the plank-bridge the wind freshened suddenly, flailing through the trees, bending the saplings and ripping away a shower of pale leaves. My daughter stopped in her tracks.

"Look out!" she shouted. "There



I Wished the Floor Would Open

SOLE British critic, as guest of city, at Avignon Festival. Plays, city, weather, melons, all *magnifique*. Monolinguist's guilt abated as my French improved. Then invited as observer to theatrical conference in Palais des Papes. Thoughtful, sallow, multilingual men in glasses arrived with bulky folders. Agenda crammed with detailed questions on status of electricians in State-aided theatres, etc. Suddenly realized flow of French talk had frozen. International eyes all fastened on me.

it is! Just the way I read it out to you."

Beating down the funnel of the valley came a racing cloud of strange, white fluff, swooping and swirling in the rising whistle of the wind. We watched for a moment and then the warm blizzard was all about us, fluttering like hay-fever under our noses and clinging like soap-flakes to our clothes. She put up her hands to cover her eyes, bending her head to the storm, and the fluff piled up in her hair till she looked like a ten-year-old Mother Machree.

"Run!" she cried in panic. "Run for some furniture!"

I wasn't really clear whether she meant "run and get some furniture" or "run till we find some furniture," but ever since the Army I have automatically obeyed any sharply spoken command and I broke into a jog-trot. The wind from Gloucestershire whipped after us and we ran sneezing together down the valley.

After three hundred yards we came in sight of a farm and made for the nearest cart-shed. We dived into cover and I came to rest with a tractor to windward. There was a broken-down settee against the wall and my daughter and her dachshund crouched down behind it.

"Now," she yelled across triumphantly as the strange, white fluff tore by outside. "Now do you believe me?"

"Keep down, child," I said. "For God's sake! Keep down behind the furniture."

Was being asked for second time, what was cheapest ticket at Old Vic? Didn't know. Hadn't sat in gallery since 1938. Thought of number, tried to translate it into francs. Granite silence. Italian in horn-rims supplied warmly accepted answer. Was then asked top price at Stratford-on-Avon. Answered at once, but Italian proved me wrong. (My tickets are always free.) From that point the conference gave up British theatre and me.

— R. F.

Essence of Parliament

"I TREMBLE, I have lost the Ford," said Hilaire Belloc's Prophet, Lost in the Hills at Eventide. There were times when Mr. Harold Wilson seemed to have lost it too. We had been promised a stirring debate. It did not work out that way. There were really two issues. There was the issue whether Mr. Selwyn Lloyd ought to have consulted the House before he gave his decision about Ford's. It was indeed fairly clear that he had made up his mind before he received the formal application and there was something in Mr. Wilson's gibe that he had never heard stronger reasons given in favour of a decision that had not yet been taken. Yet there was no getting over it that though Members complained a good deal about being presented with a *fait accompli*, yet it was a certain relief to them that the Chancellor had taken the responsibility off their shoulders. They were anxious—and quite justly so—about the situation that had made such a decision necessary, but they were not really prepared to say that, the situation being as it was, the offer should be rejected. So, like the Sweetie in the song, Mr. Wilson wouldn't say "Yes" and he wouldn't say "No." The Socialist back-benchers avoided the dilemma by not attending the debate. Mr. Wilson, unfortunately for him, could not get out of listening to himself. Mr. Martin Lindsay from the Conservative benches said boldly that "I don't think there's such a thing as friends and allies when it comes to a trade war," but even he was not prepared to oppose the decision as things were. The result was a very flat debate, only enlivened by Mr. Parker's threat to repeat the Boston Tea Party in reverse if Ford's did not behave themselves—though what exactly in that event he proposed to throw into the Thames it would be interesting to know. Mr. Lloyd was able gently to relax on the Front Bench and polish his spectacles.

After it most Members went home. A few remained to hear Mr. Philip Goodhart plead the case of professional footballers. He thought that if there was a strike only the stars should strike and leave the rest of the players to carry through the programme. But I doubt if there are enough stars so sure enough of their place in the team as to make that a likely policy.

On Tuesday there was no great legislation to excite the House. Members crowded in to see the new Members take their seats. They were entertained to the pleasant *hors d'œuvres* of Mr. Emrys Hughes congratulating the Lord Advocate on his refusal to prosecute Lady Chatterley in Scotland. Mr. Hughes pleaded in aid his distinguished ex-constituents, Robert Burns and James Boswell. I wonder. I fancy that Burns would not have found D. H. Lawrence sufficiently high spirited for his taste and Boswell would have complained of Mellors' lack of sense of guilt. Taste in these matters changes with the generations. As to the Members, new

Members taking their seats always excite a good deal of good-humoured ribaldry. As Alderman Tayler the master baker of Bolton marched up, a Socialist suggested that he should be made a member of the Kitchen Committee. That was all true to form. But of course it was not the Conservatives who were going to make the show that afternoon. That was reserved for Mr. Michael Foot, and everyone wondered what his reception would be. Naturally he got the cheers of those of his own way of thinking. He got a hearty cheer, too, from the Conservative benches. There is no art to find the mind's construction in the cheer, and how far the cheers were ironical, how far of genuine welcome, who shall say? Certainly, though it is the fashion to speak of Mr. Foot as an angry and hostile man, there are few people who have ever met him who do not like him, and there were, I doubt not, some Conservatives who were genuinely glad to see him back for his own sake. Yet there seemed to be none who cheered more vigorously than Colonel Bromley-Davenport, and it would be hard to think that there was any deep bond of ideological

The Arrival of Mr. Foot

sympathy between Mr. Foot and the gallant Colonel. The purpose of the ironical Conservatives was quite confessedly to embarrass the Socialist Front Bench. How would the official leadership take its ugly duckling? Mr. Gaitskell sat with folded arms and a broad smile—a nice and non-committal compromise. It is the usual custom after a new recruit has shaken hands with the Speaker for the leader of his party to go behind the Chair to welcome him. Mr. Gaitskell sat firmly in his place.

The Lords were concerned with more serious revelations. Lord Dundee was telling them how whiskies have grown smaller and smaller as the years pass and—what is even worse—how they grow smaller and smaller the farther south one travels. In Scotland a whisky is still a whisky, but a double whisky in London, said the Earl with some disgust, might do "for an Englishman in a hurry," and he left with some disgust to catch a train for the North. The House gave itself to the sadder task of paying its tribute to Lord Stansgate.

Wednesday was Dame Irene Ward's day. She marched into the House, plunked herself down on the Front Bench next to the Chief Whip in Mr. Butler's seat, deposited her bag on the Prime Minister's seat and nothing would move her. Messages scurried to and fro between the Whips and the Table. Mr. Royle punctuated a question about travel documents with a supplementary to know by what documents Dame Irene had been able to advance from the back of back benches to the frontest of Front. But it was clear that there was nothing that anybody could do about it. It is custom which reserves certain places for the leaders of the Government. There is no order which can be enforced if custom is defied. But what was it all in aid of?

Dame Irene is the most splendid of women and I am all in favour of a reasonable amount of ragging of the masters, but I must confess that if one is going to make a monkey of the House of Commons I do feel that it should at least be in protest against something that is going on in the House of Commons. It was a bit of an anti-climax to discover that it was all because there was to be a debate in the Lords about pensions and she wished to call attention to it. Noise, alas, is sometimes, one feels, an end in itself. Mr. Leavay on Thursday complained of motor bicycles that they sometimes had "noisy exhausts" which "amount to a mating call." Far be it from me to ascribe such motives to Dame Irene. But what a wedding it would be!

—PERCY SOMERSET



MR. MICHAEL FOOT

The Case for Footballers

In the City



Freedom for Trustees

THERE is a touch of irony in the timing of the Government's Trustee Investments Bill which has just been read for the first time. It gives trustees freedom to invest in equities at a time when that freedom promises less glitter than it has worn in recent years. A great deal of the inflationary juice has been squeezed out of the equity orange. What remains is the genuine prospect of growth which in the course of years will no doubt provide a great deal more juice. In any case, better late than never. The time will surely come when the wise and discriminating trustee, using his new freedom, will be able to make good some of the appalling losses caused by the shackles that have hitherto been placed on his investment discretion.

The Bill goes rather beyond the terms suggested by the White Paper on "Powers of Investment of Trustees in Great Britain" which foreshadowed this legislation. One half of the trust funds may be invested in equities in United Kingdom companies provided these have a share capital of £1 million or over and have paid ordinary dividends in each of the preceding five years.

Trustees will be required to divide their trust funds into two equal parts, the "narrow range" which may only be invested in fixed interest securities and the "wider range" which may be invested either in fixed interest or equities. After this original division the value of the two parts may and no doubt will diverge considerably. This is partly because the capital value of the securities in each part will tend to move in different fashion. Another reason is that reinvestments in each part can only take place in the category to which the original investments belonged. In addition the exercise of rights will belong to the part from which the rights arose. It should not, therefore, take very long before the two original halves cease to be halves.

Whereas the White Paper set down certain stipulations about the diversification of equity investments, the Bill puts the duty of securing such diversification on the trustees. The Bill requires the

trustee to get "proper advice" but does not try to define the term. The White Paper had named the quarters from which investment advice would be "proper." These included stockbrokers, accountants and bank managers but not solicitors, financial houses, or even city editors.

The necessary diversification as well as the competent advice can be secured by invoking the well-tryed experience of those professionals who manage investment and unit trusts. The well established investment trusts provide the best of all answers to the trustees looking for diversification. A fine mixture of these investment trust shares will be found in the Investment Trust Units of the Save and Prosper Group.

Other unit trusts to which trustees will in future be drawn include Orthodox in the Commonwealth group where the yield is over 4½ per cent; the Falcon Trust which gives an attractive

yield of nearly 4½ per cent; the Second Municipal and General which can claim long and successful performance and yields just on 4 per cent; the Shield Fund which has behind it the investment advice of no less than a house of Rothschilds and now gives a yield of just over 3½ per cent; the Crosby Income Fund which has a fair stake in fixed interest securities and provides the appropriately high yield of over 5½ per cent. For the smaller trusts these are the kind of securities in which the new-found freedom should be indulged.

When the Bill becomes law there is no reason to expect a wild rush out of existing trustee securities into equities. Yield and income considerations will prevent that. But taking the longer view the Bill introduces yet one more factor in the equities—fixed interest equation which must pull in favour of the former and against the latter.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *

In the Country



Build It Yourself

A GREAT deal of building is going up. Most of it is so shoddy that the only thing that stays up is the cost.

In a town you can't build a bungalow much under £3,000. And when you've done that, half your money has gone to the contractor in profit, and another quarter in ephemeral costs.

In the country building costs are no cheaper. Though our sites may not be so expensive we have to pay through the nose in transport and labour. The bricklayer's wage starts when he gets on the lorry in the morning, not when he begins to gossip over his bricks.

Consequently a neighbour of mine had to return to the craft of his forefathers. He wished to build a tractor shed. He didn't need anything very complicated: just three brick or concrete block walls about ten feet high; a cement floor and a roof of asbestos or galvanized iron sheeting. He asked a contractor for an estimate. On getting this he read that "the builder" would be glad to

carry out his esteemed instructions at an estimated cost of £350.

Ignoring this, he started by hiring a ditch-digging gear that fits on the front of a tractor. He didn't drive the scoop to the actual site but out to one of his moors which needed ditching. From there he scooped out several trailer loads of clayish muck. And this he took back to his yard where he mixed it up with baled straw.

Next he took two 2-inch planks about 8 feet long and bolted them together so that they were fixed 18 inches apart. He dug a shallow foundation, filled the trench with rubble, then set his frame over the stones. Then he started shovelling in his mixture of clay and straw; and when the frame was full he pounded the earth till it was tight, unbolted the frame and repeated the process.

In Devonshire this is called cob; most of our old houses and cottages are built of it. In France it's called *pise*, and many of the old châteaux are built of it, the earth being dug from the moat.

It took my neighbour a day per wall to build his tractor shed. Then he plastered over the cracks with the same mixture.

Charging himself £1 a day for his own labour and £5 for the cost of hiring the ditch digging gear, he erected the walls for just under £10. The roof cost £18. But as he said, against this total of £28 he could credit himself for digging out his own ditches.

— RONALD DUNCAN



Wedding Day

by MAHOOD





AT THE PLAY

Out of This World (PHOENIX)

Trials by Logue (ROYAL COURT)

The Life of the Party (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

OUT OF THIS WORLD is a wholly French comedy by two Italians, Giuseppe Marotta and Belisario Randone, translated by William Weaver. It uses the supernatural rather as *Blithe Spirit* did; not so neatly, but just as one thinks its spring of ingenuity is running down it pulls out a good last act, the best of the three, and finishes strongly.

A Parisian tycoon has made a bid for the Passy cemetery, proposing to build on the site a vast block of enormously vulgar flats. All the tomb-owners have agreed to this operation but one, a young justice of the peace from Bergerac, whom he summons to Paris. The tycoon has not reckoned with the cemetery's inhabitants, however, who form a committee of protest,

whose spokesman, the ancestor of the man from Bergerac, was a young actor. He is allowed to return in the flesh in place of his descendant, with three ghostly comrades to keep him up to the mark. He stoutly resists the offers of the tycoon, but falls in love with his wife. At this point a ghostly official from "Headquarters" arrives and gives him a neutralizing injection, and the baffled lady calls in her psychoanalyst for one of the funniest scenes in the play. Having emptied his revolver fruitlessly through his tormentor's chest, the tycoon collapses and agrees to give up his Passy speculation if the other will admit to being dead, and disappear.

The twist at the end is too good to be given away. The plot of this play is refreshingly new, and it is very well acted; yet it has curiously flat spots, and it could and should have been much funnier. Something may have been lost in translation, but the dialogue is often dull and Basil Dean's treatment seems to me too

criticism



serious. Had the writing been lighter and wittier this would have been a delightful comedy; one can imagine it as a sparkling evening in Paris. If it fails to be that here, it is still a fairly bright addition to the list.

Ferdy Mayne makes a very dashing tycoon, and Odile Versois brings great charm and intelligence to the part of his wife. Paul Massie is natural and engaging as the intruder from Passy/Bergerac, and Daphne Anderson is good as a satirical courtesan among the ghostly commissars. As the psychoanalyst Milo Sperber is amusing, but his turn should be shortened.

I wish the Royal Court would outgrow its adolescent high jinks. On the first night of Christopher Logue's two one-act plays scene-shifters were still at work on the set in full view of the audience long after the curtain was billed to go up, and the titles of the play—lumped together in the somewhat affected bracket of *Trials by Logue*—were lowered Brechtwise from the flies in large letters on bits of cardboard in case we had omitted to find out what we were coming to or were unable to read our programme.

The first play, *Antigone*, is effective mainly because of a very able performance by George Rose as Creon. It jumps the story into a modern police state with trigger-happy guards in jack-boots to carry out deafening executions in the wings; but they and the yes-men in the Government wear Attic masks. So far as I remember Sophocles the original is followed so closely that one wonders if it would not have been better to stick to it. Mr. Rose is excellent as a tyrant who is tough but has a sense of humour, and who is intelligent enough to know his enormities but can make out a plausible case for them. The discussion of violence certainly fits our time. Mary Ure speaks well and is a forcefully defiant Antigone but her obstinacy seems to come only from physical courage and is not a spiritual challenge. In her brief appearance as the weaker but subtler Ismene I thought Zoe Caldwell very good.

The second play, *Cob and Leach*, is a farcical police-court romp that vaguely parodies *Antigone*. A couple are charged by a music-hall magistrate with indecent behaviour in the Park and the girl, Mary Ure again, stands up robustly for her rights. A comic police orchestra accompanies the court in doggerel song, and the witnesses include a police horse and a melancholy hound. George Rose makes something of the magistrate and the trial is quite funny



Antigone—MARY URE

Creon—GEORGE ROSE

[*Trials by Logue*

in places, but its jests are undergraduate and never in the best of taste. Not that that objection has ever worried the Royal Court.

It is a shock to find that in the great open spaces of Australia beatniks flourish and that they are every bit as tiresome and repulsive as our own. *The Life of the Party* is an absurdly pretentious play about a bunch of useless and uninteresting people who are so little interested even in one another that a couple of suicides are passed off as a gay break in the monotony of existence. The zoo in which they live is a lodging house run by an elderly charmer with only one idea in her head. Her circle includes a revolting young man, engulfed in self-pity, who wears dirty sweaters and takes exercise by throwing the crockery

REP SELECTION

Playhouse, Liverpool, *Junio and the Paycock*, until December 17.
Old Vic, Bristol, *One Way Pendulum*, until December 17.
Playhouse, Oxford, *Seaman Leading* (new play), until December 10.
Marlowe, Canterbury, *A Taste of Honey*, until December 3.

about while living off the well-scrubbed wife he has surprisingly married (the play's economics are studiously blurred).

This happy home is visited freely by a bookie who must have felt wildly out of place, by a self-conscious scriptwriter—homosexual of course—who is always mockingly examining the cul-de-sac of life, and by hordes of moronic young women who are made love to on the balcony. Drink flows. I lost track of who went to bed with whom, and such was my feeling that I wouldn't have minded if the whole menagerie had dropped through the floor. Occasionally when the author, Ray Mathew, forgets to be clever he writes telling dialogue, but he is still a long way from constructing a play. Is it hopelessly square to demand characters who can arouse some interest? If it is, then my angles are firmly set at ninety degrees. The only performance of any distinction comes from Alan Badel as the satiric scriptwriter, and it takes place almost in a vacuum.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)
The Playboy of the Western World (St. Martin's—19/10/60), excellent revival from Dublin. *The Caretaker* (Duchess—11/5/60), exciting Pinter. *Billy Liar* (Cambridge—21/9/60), Albert Finney as a north-country Walter Mitty.

—ERIC KEOWN



North to Alaska (Director: Henry Hathaway) was obviously meant to be the sheerest hokum, and is quite enjoyable nonsense on that level; every attempt to make it less nonsensical makes it less enjoyable. I'm thinking particularly of the "romantic interest," which is concentrated on from time to time as if this were a serious story involving a frustrated love. The scene is Alaska in the gold rush of the eighteen-nineties, but nearly all the characters have the air of moderns—that is to say, modern fiction types—notably the statuesque heroine played by the elegant Capucine, whose appearance among the miscellaneous shindies and squalors of a gold-rush hotel very understandably moves one simple prospector to observe "They don't usually come that ladylike." The whole affair is a roaring absurdity, and a great deal of it is played for laughs. At least twice there is a violent free-for-all in the saloon of the hotel, involving most of the principals and dozens of other people, and—even though this is an elaborately mounted production in colour and Cinema-Scope, and I'm sure they thought deeply about all the period details—the convention is that of the old silent-comedy slapstick fight, with hats springing into the air when heads are hit and beer-barrels being smashed by some combatant enthusiastically flung from a distance. It can be enjoyed, as I say, on that level. John Wayne is the pugnacious love-'em-and-leave-'em type, Stewart Granger is his partner, Ernie Kovacs is the comic flashy swindler who does duty for a villain; there's a logging picnic with a pole-climbing contest, there's a bathtub scene, there's a fight with claim-jumpers, there's a woolly dog that puts its head on one side. . . . And

still, every now and then, they keep trying to get back to the plot.

Next, I think, the extraordinary piece called *Never on Sunday* (Director: Jules Dassin), because of its oddity. I thought at first that this was going to be terrible, and indeed it is an apparently slapdash mixture of incongruous effects, some of them touched on and some emphasized as if with a steam-hammer. But there are good things in it, and anyone not upset or shocked by the basic theme may find it curiously entertaining. Briefly—this is an "X" film about a lovely Greek prostitute who is universally popular and happy and thoroughly enjoys her job until a visiting American tries to reform and educate her.

The scene is the port of Piraeus, and much of the script might have been invented on the spot, from moment to moment; anyway it was written by the director and he takes a leading part, as the earnest visitor. The obvious humours of simple ignorance grappling with difficult art and music are vigorously explored. There are several uproarious *taverna* scenes, and some quieter, more literary fun (the girl's eccentric view of classical tragedy, which she regards as comedy, or the American's laborious attempt, with her help as interpreter, to psychoanalyse a burly and volatile friend). As the feather-headed tart Melina Mercouri is the personification of charm, and the moral of the whole thing could hardly be less edifying.

Faces in the Dark (Director: David Eady) is adapted from something by those Grand-Guignol experts Boileau and Narcejac, whose best-known work here is probably *The Fiends*, and it has all the

AT THE PICTURES

North to Alaska
Never on Sunday
Faces in the Dark

IN a week offering four very varied works of comparatively little importance, it may be best to begin with the one that seems most successful in its particular line.

elements of nerve-racking suspense and horror; but it doesn't succeed as a whole. It has good qualities and they've taken trouble with it, but a rather flat-footed, unimaginative script does little to disguise its essential, crippling artificiality.

One can't explain precisely how it is artificial without revealing the secret, or a part of it, but the very theme itself smells of dramatic contrivance. A domineering business man (John Gregson) at odds with his wife (Mai Zetterling) and his partner (Michael Denison) is blinded, has to depend on them to look after him, and begins to have uneasy suspicions . . . An explosive set-up; but somehow not very much is made of it. I wasn't bored, but I felt no real tension.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Butterfield 8 is a Hollywood glossy which contrives to make John O'Hara's acid, sophisticated novel ridiculous by telescoping, compression, over-emphasis and slowness. Also in London: *Shadows* (27/7/60 and 26/10/60), *Jazz on a Summer's Day* (28/9/60) and—for another week or two—*Black Orpheus* (8/6/60); and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (9/11/60) is available again.

Releases include *High Time* (12/10/60—103 mins.), basically conventional U.S. college comedy with unexpectedly good moments and interesting technical devices, and *Faces in the Dark* (85 mins.—see above).

—RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Sports Week

EXCEPT possibly sex, nothing divides the viewers as decisively as Sport. On my left, the vicarious, armchair athletes still half in love with adolescence; on my right, the fully-adjusted adults to whom the sight of a ball is the ultimate boredom. I confess myself deep in the camp of the muddled oaf and, although I find Wimbledon and current home-grown Soccer somewhat eternal, most sporting affairs will find me at the picture-box. And from these studies I find no doubt that in Sport the BBC is way ahead of ITV; and this lead is held on all counts, in the range of activities covered, the programme-time given and the over-all quality of events selected. The outside broadcasts alone provide fair return for the licence money. These productions are marked by an almost daunting efficiency and it is impressively difficult to recall a serious breakdown.

With conscience eased by the disposal

CHRISTMAS VILLAGE

"Britain in Bamberger's." Bamberger's, New Jersey, U.S.A., will have a complete reproduction of an English village to set the scene for their Christmas Show. *Punch* will be presenting a section of English humour with a special selection of drawings on the theme of Christmas.



"If I'm wanted I'll be in my study . . ."

of these general compliments, I feel free to turn to particular details of *Sportsview*, *Grandstand* and their BBC kin which irritate the viewer, and at which the good can be made better.

A cardinal principle sometimes overlooked in *Sportsview* is that when we switch on the programme we expect to see sport in action, and it comes as an anti-climax to be talked at for any length of time by Peter Dimmock smiling at his urgent desk or David Coleman immobile against a back-drop of goal-posts. Interviews with over-articulate footballers and cliché-ridden officials can be equally bathetic. The less we hear of people talking about sport and the more we see of the masters performing sport, the happier will we be.

The horse-racing arrangements in *Grandstand* could bear examination by a time-and-motion study man. There is barely time to hear the winner of a swimming-race or see the last ball of a possible hat-trick before we're rushed over for the 3.30 at Kempton Park, ten minutes before it starts. We stare solemnly at the board while a man intones the numbers, horses, and jockeys; next we watch the animals circle the paddock while he repeats the same information, padding out time with the owner's genealogy and the stable-boy's career; as they canter in succession to the post he goes through name, rank and number yet again, the whole recital being delivered with such soporific effect that, by the time the race starts, we're fast asleep. I know there's a powerful minority-interest in horse-racing but why on earth can't we stay to see Cowdrey get his century and pick up the horses as they leave the paddock? Eartha Kitt comes on stage with less build-up than some of those selling-platers.

There is a growing tendency to turn

Grandstand into a news agency, blazing up racing results as they occur, repeating them as each later winner comes in, painting up half-time scores, reading news-flashes of arresting triviality, and everybody behaving all afternoon as if they were keeping us abreast of a Martian invasion. Is anyone really interested in all this split-second detail about the build-up of results? Shouldn't the programme be kept more truly to its title, showing more of the events and restricting the results service to fixed, minimum periods?

And the gimmick of reading results from the teleprinter has long out-worn its novelty. There is no sadder sight on television than David Coleman working himself into a frenzy of excitement as the teleprinter ticks to life, only to find the result that comes up is "East Cheam Reserves 0, Plumstead Y.M.C.A. 0." Since the classified results come up a minute or two later there seems little point in this teleprinter business at all. I know the commercial network does it in *Let's Go* (ABC/ATV) at the same time, but why bother to compete in boredom?

The Soccer and Rugby presentations are all very well done except that some commentators seem under a compulsion to talk at us all the time. Such constant direction of our attention when we can see what's going on can become wearisome. We need names and elucidation of obscurities but not a full-blown radio commentary. I find it restful sometimes to turn down the sound and watch the play in private peace. At the Rugby games, Peter West's fast, light voice can become rather metallic and nerve-grating in periods of excitement and this was emphasized in the recent Springboks-South of Scotland game which he shared with the deeper tones and quieter delivery of Bill McLaren. It would aid our enjoyment if he could contrive to drop both pace and tone a little.

It is too early in the season this year to cast any stones, but there was an unhappy inclination last year for Rugby commentary to include public disagreement with the referee's decisions. Not only was this in doubtful taste but on most occasions it was downright depressing to note that the highly-skilled commentator was dead wrong. Might it not be better, if in doubt, to sound a note of uncertainty rather than pitch one's monitor and grandstand judgment in refutation of the man on the spot?

It would not be fitting to leave the sporting scene without reference to the formal rituals of professional wrestling which are offered to us in *Let's Go*. The dead-pan, bated-breath commentary of Kent Walton as he follows the muscle-men through their intricate and highly intimate contortions is ever fascinating to the sociologist and I'm not sure he isn't lasting better than some of the fighters. One or two of the giant grapplers have seemed a bit laboured in their acrobatics lately; undoubtedly it's just a little passing staleness but, had they been actors, I'd have said from the glazed look in their eyes that they were suffering from over-rehearsal.

—PATRICK RYAN

BOOKING OFFICE

NO SHORTENED CRUCKS

By KENNETH J. ROBINSON

Town's Eye View. Geoffrey S. Fletcher. Hutchinson, 15/-

The Master Builders. Peter Blake. Gollancz, 25/-

Geoffrey Fletcher has tried to show, with words and sketches, that people trained to take an interest in their surroundings are never at a loss for entertainment. His book is not didactic: it is a collection of hints about the things that are worth looking for in towns and cities—everything from weighing-machines like miniature Greek temples to buildings as different from each other as a smoke-blackened kiln and the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford. There's none of the usual stuff in this book about ribbed vaults and shortened crucks, so with luck the young reader it is meant for will get through it without the sinking feeling that someone is out to educate him. And it will be enjoyed just as much by uncles and aunts who dip into it before handing it over. One of the nicest things about reading an informative book for children is that you can accumulate a lot of facts while kidding yourself you once knew them—until they were crowded out of a busy life. (Did you know that the poorest parts of towns are in the east because the prevailing, grime-carrying winds are south-west? Or that the three brass balls on a pawnbroker's shop were taken from the coat-of-arms of the Medici, the moneylending family?)

It is almost a duty to give books of this kind to the next generation. Not so that they will decide to be architects but so that they will grow up to understand good architecture and to respect the men who provide it. We can't hope to make progress in the way we build and rebuild our towns while the top architects are kicked around by municipal taste-controllers (laughably known as planning committees). If we must retain our system of democratic taste-control we ought to catch to-morrow's committee men in their teens and brainwash them. They should be made to forget their fathers' notions that half the country's buildings should be thatched and the remainder half-timbered.

Both city fathers and city sons could probably do with a copy of Peter Blake's *The Master Builders* in their Christmas stockings. Even if they only dipped (and you could hardly expect the layman to do more, unless he liked being fascinated by excellent, non-technical writing on an absorbing subject) they would find that the new, sensible architecture is being evolved not only by architects but—in Mr. Blake's words—by "technicology, politics and population statistics." In other words, our desperate need to house thousands of people at great speed coincides with our technical know-how on housing them in vertical neighbourhoods (like the L.C.C. Roehampton Estate) instead of in soul-decaying, sprawling suburbs. Our ability to house people in this way—as well as to educate them and give them jobs in well-heated, well-ventilated cages of glass, steel and concrete—is due, as Mr. Blake says, to the influence of the three great architects who are the "master builders" of his title—Le Corbusier (Swiss

French), Mies van der Rohe (German American) and the late Frank Lloyd Wright (Welsh American). By giving each of these men about a hundred pages of lively text, sandwiched between a neat preface and a neater summing up, the author shows how absurd it is of the fuddy-duddy to oppose all that is good in their notions of modern architecture—like open-plan living, widely-spaced towers of housing set in parkland where children can play in safety, or public buildings with exciting sculptural forms—a useful foil to the severe, framed-glass blocks which are becoming an economic necessity. He makes their highly-individual schemes seem even more logical by describing the many stupid attacks made on them (why is good architecture so often thought to reveal sinister, left-wing motives?).

I can't think of a better way of teaching the interested layman about modern architecture than Mr. Blake's system of relating the private lives of master builders to their work, and their work to each other's. But having taught him, what then? Is it, perhaps, tantalizingly academic to interest the layman in the Mies van der Rohe philosophy of simplicity in construction, the Corbusier theory about dramatizing cities to make them more beautiful and the Lloyd Wright idea of organic architecture—of buildings that hug the earth and "embrace the elements of earth, fire and water"? Perhaps it is. We may never get a building in this country quite like any of the works of the "master builders." But we already have one or two near-misses and it would be useful if more laymen—particularly those on planning committees—had a better idea of what good modern architects are trying to do. Every committee man should be forcibly shut away with a copy of the Blake book until, like the Chatterley jury, he can see straight on the subject he is employed to consider.

NEW NOVELS

Pope Joan. Emmanuel Royadis, adapted by Lawrence Durrell. André Deutsch, 15/-

The Bachelors. Henry de Montherlant. Trans. Terence Kilmarin. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 15/-

Girl Waiting in the Shade. Rhys Davies. Heinemann, 16/-

The Prize-Giving. Paul Norwood. Heinemann, 16/-

Pope Joan is adapted from a Modern Greek classic that first appeared in 1886. Irreverent, learned, biting and funny, it is a most enjoyable and deplorable work, probably on the list of prohibited books of several Churches. The nearest thing to it in English that I can think of

BEHIND THE SCENES



4—JOHN CRANKO

"The Prince of the Pagodas" and "Cranko" heralded a dual career as choreographer and producer of revue

is Richard Garnett's *The Twilight of the Gods*, though it is rather more outspoken. Its account of the career of the legendary female Pope displays arcane knowledge of conditions in French and German monasteries, in Byzantine Greece and in papal Rome. The emphasis on the persistence of paganism into the early Middle Ages links it with the literature of nineteenth-century anticlericalism; in some ways it looks back to Gibbon. It is not, however, bitter satire but gay scoffing. This kind of thing can easily become heavy-handed, repetitive and obvious. *Pope Joan* never does. It stays light, fresh and unexpected.

The Bachelors is one of the first volumes in the new uniform translation of M. de Montherlant, chosen perhaps because it is unlikely to frighten anyone off. It is a straightforward account of the fate of two aristocratic bachelors, uncle and nephew, who cannot adapt themselves to the world after the first war and live in a seedy muddle. They squabble and try to get money out of a rich relative and finally separate; the weaker then tries desperately to find a secure niche and, failing, dies. Vivid and written with great authority, it does not really do more than lay out a special case before the reader, like some "Life of Two Misers." There is little here of the celebrated Nietzschean and scourge of women.

Girl Waiting in the Shade gradually reveals the destructiveness of its leading character, a theme more often found in American fiction than over here, though it is less hysterical than an American writer would have made it. The background of a wealthy suburb in a manufacturing town and the supporting characters are invented, one feels, for their own sakes and not merely to be illuminated by the sinister glow of the girl, whose competition with her socialite mother drives her to increasingly twisted violence. It may not be a very profound story but it is about new people and moves briskly and it kept my attention taut.

The Prize-Giving, by the author of *Fenner's Kingdom*, is elaborately contrived, with a surprise ending that retrospectively casts a little doubt on what had seemed

its good qualities. However, it certainly has a good deal to offer in addition to ingenuity. The principal character is an ex-Foreign Service man who works for a curious organization that advises Big Business on financial and economic questions. He shows that combination of *savoir faire* and inner disharmony that successful men do show in novels. He has a scape-grace brother, a sneering layabout who displays a fitful genius as a novelist. The relations of the brothers and of their wives did not interest me as much as the inside stuff about power in the commercial world. Even after so many novels set in the world of companies the board is still a fresher field for the novelist than the bed. Mr. Norwood is a strong writer who pushes the reader where he wants him to go: he never indicates direction with a shrug. While keeping his story moving along he decorates it with a number of episodes—canvassing for the Labour Party in a rural constituency and interviewing a Greek Cabinet Minister and revisiting the old school; but these are carefully observed rather than vividly described. At the moment, Mr. Norwood's main talent is for narrative. Looking back on *The Prize-Giving*, it seems rather mechanically planned; but while I was reading I was completely absorbed.

— R. G. G. PRICE

FETE GALANTE

Pierrot. Kay Dick. Hutchinson, 30/-

Miss Dick offers a highly intricate verbal harlequinade in which she presents her interpretation of the gradual development of the symbolism underlying the characters of the *Commedia dell'Arte* made familiar throughout Europe. It would be unjust to say that she equates Pantaloon with tycoon, Erighella with the teddy-boy, Scaramouche with the dictator. She scrupulously avoids over-simplification. But broadly that is her background, skilfully put together from research among the jumbled fragments of a past extending to the Roman Atellanæ to her study of the rise of Pierrot, "neglected, ill used, abused," who "endured and survived poverty, servitude, humiliation and misinterpretation" to become the figure in Rouault's painting:

The Wise Pierrot, "a rose in his ear (the rose of Pierrot's love), a book in his hand." Miss Dick enlists the sympathy of all Romantics for the ambiguous, evasive Pierrot as the hero of "the human comedy," which also contains the human tragedy." In our century, she suggests, he has become the genius-clown. The illustrations include a splendid cover reproduction of Picasso's "Pierrot 1918."

— R. C. SCRIVEN

THE BUTTERFLY THAT GOT AWAY

Conversation with Max. S. N. Behrman. Hamish Hamilton, 25/-

As the foundation of Mr. Behrman's book was a series of articles in the *New Yorker*, and as on his first visit Sir Max proudly showed him an American publisher's statement consisting of a column of zeros, allowances must be made for the explanations necessary to save American readers from total bewilderment. Fortunately the plots of *Enoch Soames* and *Malby and Braxton* can survive being summarized in *New Yorker*-ese, and luckily one can turn to Sir Max himself for comment on his commentators. Mr. Behrman tells us that when William Archer gave a slating to the original production of *The Happy Hypocrite* its author—for once the stung rather than the stinger—sent Archer a caricature, in which the critic was shown blindfolded and attempting to break on a wheel a butterfly that is flying far away. The legend recommended that Archer should first catch his butterfly.

Although he had admired his works for years it was not until 1952 that Mr. Behrman got off the train at Rapallo, where Sir Max had lived since 1910, becoming, he said, a wayside station between Mr. Maugham at Cap Ferrat and Bernard Berenson at Florence. This sunset friendship obviously brought great happiness into Sir Max's life, and as Mr. Behrman sat with him in the Villino Chiaro, an icy little house past which lorries thundered incessantly, they talked of figures from the past, many of whom would have been forgotten if Beerbohm had not revived them for Behrman. Beside the tiny fire Sir Max also discussed both his respect for Kipling's genius and his



persecution of its manifestations. He said that the last time that he saw Kipling was at White's Club (a curious dining-place for two professional hermits) and bewailed the inhibition that prevented him from explaining his ambivalent attitude. Taking the book as a whole the butterfly may be said to have got away after giving Mr. Behrman a delightful chase. — VIOLET POWELL

THE POWER OF LOVE?

The Wesker Trilogy. Arnold Wesker. Cape, 21/-

When the plays of the Wesker Trilogy were performed at the Royal Court, most reviewers agreed that *Roots* was the most successful. Print is a leveller, and now one can see that the other two plays are better and *Roots* not quite as good as they seemed. Among his many talents, Mr. Wesker has that of writing bravura parts. In *Roots* Joan Plowright gave him a bravura performance, but he didn't get it in *Chicken Soup With Barley*, where it is as strongly demanded. Miss Plowright was so strong that she distorted. The off-stage Ronnie Kahn, seen through the prism of her performance, became something of a prig, something of a drip. Yet one must believe that Mr. Wesker has used (successfully to make art, which does take life for its raw material) some autobiography in these plays, and that Ronnie's struggle for integration has come close to a self-portrait.

John Whiting's *bon mot* about Wesker and Osborne—that he didn't doubt they had heart, but “it's that tiny head which bothers me”—sounds immediately right, but can be seen to be false for Wesker when one reads these plays. The Kahns' socialism isn't a system of political thought; it isn't even empirical in their own practical terms; it's emotional, and that's no basis for government, to be sure. But Mr. Wesker doesn't suggest that the Kahns can govern—even their own personal lives. If he has a world-view, it seems to be expressed in the statement, quoted in all three plays, “You can't alter people. You can only give them some love, and hope they'll take it.” The three plays are often comic, and they communicate a feeling of the enjoyment of life, but the note which runs through all of them is of compassionate pessimism.

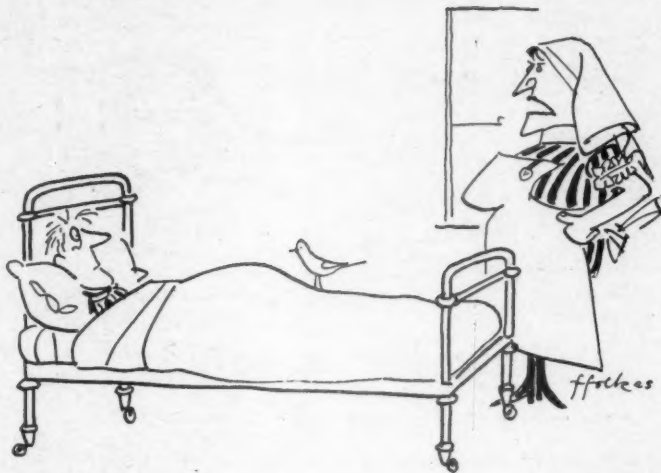
— JOHN BOWEN

FLOREAT ETONA!

Eton. Christopher Hollis. Hollis & Carter, 30/-

There is a welter of books about Eton, antiquarian, sentimental, angry, gossipy books—all adding to the myth and few of them, for that reason, very satisfactory. Mr. Hollis's book is rather different in that it is an inquiry into the myth. Why is this school like this and what good does it do? The answers seem to be “Because of a series of accidents” and “Not much.”

The historical section is well done—balanced, unpartisan and enlivened by a dry narration of the absurdities that almost all pedagogues are prone to: “My wishes, my hopes and fears begin to terminate in him. I have found that he is a Lord, but I loved him before,” wrote Oscar Browning,



“I said no visitors.”

later to become the victim of Eton's own Dreyfus case. The point that emerges most clearly from this section is that Eton has always been ready to change, almost to its very essence, in response to pressure from the government. But to meet public opinion or the challenge of its own deficiencies it has changed as little and as late as possible.

The chapter on the school to-day and its possible place in modern education is somehow less satisfying. For all Mr. Hollis's intelligent inquiring few solid answers emerge—certainly not enough to alter the opinions of those of us who were lucky enough to be happy there or unlucky enough to be miserable.

— PETER DICKINSON

REDBRICK LIFEMANSHIP

Phogey! Malcolm Bradbury. Max Parrish, 13/6

“Phogey” is Mr. Bradbury's word for “that phase of the English mind in which the artificial stands superior to the real, the traditional to the new, the mannered to the frank.” Phogey makes British Railways guards order passengers to stop shelling peas in their compartments (and then makes the passengers stop); it establishes the horse and the dog above man; it prompts people to queue for seats they have already booked. It is the snobbery of the classless society.

Mr. Bradbury scores a number of timely hits with comparatively few misses. (One miss is the Hanging Judge; the author's continued belief in this anachronistic figure is a warning that phogey may afflict anyone.) You might say that *Phogey!* was by Stephen Potter out of Kingsley Amis, Lifemanship rearranged to be played with the new 1961-pattern status-symbols. It is extremely funny, but it also has qualities unusual in comic literature: it is most elegantly written, and as current as this morning's paper.

— B. A. YOUNG

CREDIT BALANCE

Doctors Wear Scarlet. Simon Raven. Blond, 16/- This tale of vampirism in Crete and Cambridge keeps you reading. It is both a silly but vigorous shocker and a study of the psychological truths underlying superstitions. Some of the factual framework is so unreal one guesses at the existence of an imperfectly digested first version written in boyhood, but a naïve bit is likely to be followed by a stroke of original imagination.

Confession of Murder. Margot Neville. Bles, 13/6. Hopeless, going-to-seed family in big Sydney house wake up to find young man who has been threatening blackmail murdered in spare bedroom. Suspicions about an earlier death arise; splendidly Australian D.I. puts in some really solid detection (a rarity these days). Slipshod gentility nicely caught.

Atlas of European Birds. K. H. Voous. Nelson, 70/- Luxurious, vast (about 14 inches by 10) “zoogeographical survey” of the 419 European breeding birds, showing their worldwide range by means of two-colour maps, one for each species, and textual notes on distribution, habitat, movement, etc. There are 355 superb photographs on heavy art paper, specially chosen to show the birds in their natural surroundings. Ideal Christmas present for a well-liked birdman.

Cookery in Colour. Marguerite Patten. Paul Hamlyn, 25/- Outstanding use of coloured and black-and-white photographs brings these recipes to life. Well-indexed, and providing useful cooking hints, the finished dishes are stimulatingly presented. Admirable gift for the unwilling.

For Love of Horses: Diaries of Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke. Old War Horse Memorial Hospital, 10/- An account, ably edited by Glenda Spooner, of the hospital in Cairo which was founded by Mrs. Brooke in 1930 to look after ex-Army horses, and which has survived all crises in Egypt to provide free veterinary treatment for horses whose owners cannot pay. All profits from the book are to go to the hospital.

FOR WOMEN



Gone for a Soldier

WHEN he first put his uniform on I gave in. He did look terrific and one evening a week with the T.A. seemed a harmless foible. It was much better I thought than my last boy friend, who not only played hockey but expected me to spend every Saturday standing on the touchline.

Besides, the T.A. parade night guaranteed me one evening a week undisturbed to wash my hair. It was only later that I heard about the frequent training week-ends at the Hut and my hair didn't need that much washing. No, no sympathy for the soldier is required; the Hut was not the spider-ridden barn conjured up by my Girl-Guide-trained imagination, but a perfectly good bungalow with proper beds. Still, all these week-ends brought their reward: he got a stripe and I got an engagement ring. I nearly lost this again when I sewed the stripe on upside down—too bad I was brought up on Americans.

Now I was as good as in the Regiment myself and had to stop referring to his blues as a "bus conductor's hat, policeman's tunic and postman's trousers" and comport myself with greater regularity. I came also to realize that the date of our wedding had been arranged not to suit me but to enable him to qualify for marriage allowance at the annual camp which he departed to immediately on our return from honeymoon. I see now that I was lucky not to have spent that holiday on a reconnaissance of the battle area. We do now.

After a few sobering years of matrimony and a number of light-armed skirmishes, I realized that I was losing the battle for my husband's affections and conceded the victory to the Regiment. Since then I have come to regard it as an ally; it does provide me with the only social life I get.

It also provides me with a big dress

problem: I can't wear red because it clashes with his mess kit; his buff comes off on me if I wear black; dreamy floor-length lace is no good when there are spurs about. The military like dancing in tents or drill halls, or even in tents in drill halls, but I have to forgo the comfort of a stole in case I become all too attached to my partner who will be wearing medals and platoons of buttons or epaulettes or cross-belts and ammunition pouch, or shoulderfuls of chain mail, or the whole lot; I really can't go on looking young and dew-eyed when I have been turning up to these affairs for ten years and am the one who always knows where the ladies' room is, so white is out. I note sadly

that the W.R.A.C.s always wear dark green, a sound shade for camouflage.

I had grown used to the mountains of socks after camps; I had learned to tolerate the avalanches of assorted equipment that issue from every cupboard I open; I had schooled myself never to throw away any of his vast hoard of Army circulars even though dating back to 1948; the week-ends alone I took as an opportunity to invite my girl friends down. But time and the Regiment had another trick in store: ultimately my hero was given something to command. From now on, at any time and in any place, I must instantly recognize by name, rank and achievements any member of X Company, veteran, active or enrolling to-morrow; I must give up for evermore (or the length of his engagement) any hope of getting the gallant commander to attend any civilian function, however desirable, on parade night; I must also be ready to type circulars, entertain regimental cricket teams, shop for the company bivouacking in the neighbourhood, speak nicely to assorted officers at cocktail parties, recognize accurately badges, stripes, pips, flashes and other distinguishing marks, not go to an inordinate number of dinners, keep in order a large library of Ordnance Survey maps and try not to wear the same thing on two military occasions running.

It is odd to think that I shall simply hate it if he ever retires.

— ANNE HAWARD

Why Not a Counter Plot?

GLANCING back at the 'twenties I cannot help feeling that we have let the side down pretty badly. This is of course quite the wrong reaction. We are supposed to rock with helpless mirth over those faded snapshots of our aunts in their hipless, bosomless girlhood, and to wonder how such unfeminine specimens of humanity ever managed to get themselves husbands. It is all part of a deep-laid plot.

They found husbands with apparently far less effort than we do. They also learned to pilot aircraft and to do a great many other remarkable things. In fact they very nearly managed to promote woman to the position of a creature in her own right.

And then in the fateful year of 1929 the "uplift" bra arrived.

Margaret Bondfield just contrived to nip into her place as the first woman Cabinet Minister; and Amy Johnson, who had her own ideas of uplift, carried on with her England to Australia flight in 1930 as though nothing had happened.

But, in general, womanly attention had been diverted.

We are told, of course, that the uplift prototype was produced by a woman from two silk handkerchiefs belonging to her husband, but the tale strikes me as being extremely fishy. Most of us, when laying out our husbands' evening finery, are happy to discover even one silk handkerchief which is not yellowed with age and minus most of its border and parts of its middle.

It seems far more probable that the thing was a deliberate "plant": that

two shining new handkerchiefs, folded into the appropriate overlapping triangles, were draped cunningly over the shapeless beaded tunic in his wife's wardrobe by one of the terribly anxious men pledged to stem the rising tide of feminine success.

It is true that by modern standards the 1929 bra was a little prim, but following hard on the heels of the lath silhouette it was quite sufficient to keep the female intellect submerged. Even ten years later a little uplift went a long way, and advertisers were still wasting limelight on such un-sex-appealing factors as "abdominal support" and "built-up shoulders to take the strain."

After the second world war women—having rediscovered their brains—again became restless. The pressure on figure-consciousness had to be stepped up; and relentlessly, year by year, the plotters have continued to emphasize and underline its importance.

Speaking personally I don't find girdles breathtaking or exciting, and never feel the urge to shut my eyes and imagine my hips and tummy moulded in any way at all. I don't want to be held with some particular brand of determination—not by a girdle anyway—nor do I long to bend over backwards in it.

That it is willing to allow me to sit, bend, walk, work and dance, might thrill me more if I had never previously known these little pleasures. Obviously a woman's life is so much more interesting if she is not limited to standing still in the same dreary place all the while.

Rising above the belt I take leave to doubt whether any bra could shape me for success or shape my fortune, and I can't imagine anything less conducive to a good night's rest than a dream in which I had been foolish enough to mistake it for my party dress.

What I want to know is how much longer we are going to stand for all this? Are we really so repugnant that we have to be whittled or pre-shaped by every girdle and bra manufacturer in the country? And if we are, isn't it about time that the male of the species was persuaded to take a good look at his own physique?

There is no doubt that this devilish deep-laid plot has given us all an inferiority complex, and as one who is in the process of transcending it, I feel that our best way of breaking even is to hit back.

A study of romantic fiction suggests that masculine appeal rests mainly on broad shoulders, rugged chin, thick, unruly hair, sixfootedness and either loose or clean limbs.

Once we have driven it home to the

average man that he is abysmally deficient in these vital charms and that we cannot put up with him in his un-seductive natural state another minute, the rest should be easy. Within no time at all we shall be taking our places at the city luncheon or round the board-room table, happy in the knowledge that he is catching up on his sex-appeal.

If he positively refuses to have his attention diverted by exercises guaranteed to make him wider, higher, rugged and looser limbed—if he is too self-satisfied to take advantage of creams and lotions specially compounded to counter-

act his receding chin, smooth, sparse hair and general weediness—if he will not sacrifice his absurd ambitions even on the altar of vests, shirts and jackets with "secret built-in broadeners, preshaped with a dynamic combination of horsehair and new-mown hay" to make his shoulders "suddenly fabulous" . . . then we must take matters into our own hands.

Pass me the bosom binder worn by Auntie Peggy in her Bright Young Thinghood, somebody, and for heaven's sake let's carry on where she left off.

— PHYLLIS HARKER

Square

I'D have you know (I tell my growing-up daughter)

That we just never thought of lipstick in my young day;
In fact our faces, apart from soap and water,
Were strictly Nature's way.

And our hair was plain straight hair and we just never had
This thing about teenage clothes, this flap and fuss—
And I wish you could see how we used to look (I add):
Perfectly hideous.

— ANGELA MILNE



Toby Competitions

No. 142.—Winkle Shoe Confessional

WRITE an extract from a Teddy boy's confidences on his psychiatrist's couch. Limit 120 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Entries by Wednesday, December 7. Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 142, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 139

(Sin-Song)

Competitors were asked for a printable song in favour of one of the Seven Deadly Sins. The most popular was Sloth, closely followed by Gluttony. There was a good deal of vivacious metre but rather a shortage of novel and ingenious language. One competitor sought to ingratiate himself with Toby by addressing him as "You Old Hound Dog, You."

The winner of the framed *Punch* original is:

D. M. RAMSAY

THE WOODLANDS

NAVENBY

LINCOLN

(To the tune of "The British Grenadiers")

Some go to bed too readily, and some stay there too long,
But neither Sloth nor Lechery is the subject of my song,
For of all the seven deadly sins there's none that can compare
With a good rampage when you stamp with rage and try to tear
your hair.

The Miser's sordid gloating would never warm my heart,
Nor will you find me voting to-play the Glutton's part,
For some like one of the deadly sins and some like two or three,
But the glorious fire of unrighteous ire is the only one for me.

That futile introspective whose Pride is all his joy,
The weakling who investive doth Enviously employ,
They do not know the luxury of anger uncontrolled,
But I scorn the vice that is kept on ice and to Wrath I'll always hold.

Following are the runners up:

Accent on Accidie

Sing Ha! for Accidie,
Not Anger, Greed or Lechery;
Sing Ha! for Accidie,
The deadliest of the seven.

Sing Hi! for Accidie,
Not Envy, Pride or Gluttony;
Sing Hi! for Accidie,
That makes them up to seven.

Sing Ho! for Accidie,
The breeding-place of laxity;
Sing Ho! for Accidie,
Excuses all the seven.

Dr. T. Harper Smith, 48 Perryn Road, London, W.3

The Jolly Glutton

I am a jolly glutton: none is greedier than I
For soup and stew and savouries and steak and kidney pie,
And I am gay and cheerful as I polish off each platter,
For I can eat from morn to night without becoming fatter.

My friends who are on diets in their martyrdom take pride,
While envying the quantities of food I tuck inside,
And when it comes to anger, they get madder than a hatter
To see me stuffing creamy cakes and never getting fatter.

And so I sometimes ponder, as I pour out double gins,
On anger, pride and envy—they are miserable sins,
But gluttony's a pleasant sin and does not seem to matter
To those whose metabolic rate prevents their getting fatter.

Margaret Cresswell, 9 Brock Street, Bath

To Sloth

Bliss, where nor thought nor memory constrain,
A beatific vacuum of peace;
Suspended vision, uncommitted brain,
Perfection of release.

Each several sense is spent, fulfilled, replete,
Nor lacks, to consummate the ease begun.
And make the body's ravishment complete,
Some duty to be done.

Unheeded calls, unanswered urgencies—
Let fathers fulminate, be schoolmen wroth,
I am abandoned to thine ecstasies,
Thou best besetter, Sloth.

Rhoda Tuck Pook, 29 Boston Avenue, Southend-on-Sea

A Song of Gluttony

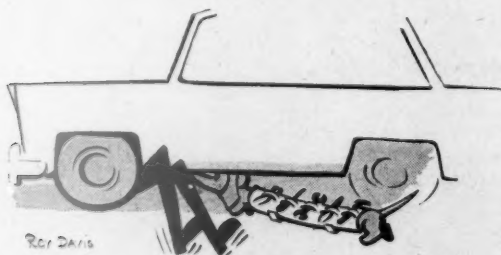
There's nothing so delightful as a gorgeous spot of gluttony:
Roast beefery, or porkery, or caper-sauce-and-muttony.
Not a thing I let intrude upon the sacred rite of food;
I've never ever had enough till I'm undoing the top-buttony.

I haven't any patience with this modern vice of snackery.
Meals ought to be Falstaffian, with venison and sackery.
I love to read accounts of the Pickwickian amounts
Of food they eat in novels, both Dickensian and Thackeray.

There's nothing quite so scrumptious as frying food, rich batterly,
And following with creamy sweets, and cheeses on a platterly.
Had a certain fair young maid to this sin obeisance paid,
There'd have never been this scandal in the woods with Lady Chatterley.

E. O. Parrott, 47 Dover Court, Chelsea Manor Street, S.W.3

Book tokens also to J. D. K. Marshall, 49 Princes Court, S.W.3;
Joan Harrison, Home Farm, Standlake, Witney, Oxon; R. Kennard
Davis, On-the-Hill, Pilton, Shepton Mallet, Somerset; and Mary
Pearce, 39 Langley Park Road, Iwer, Bucks.



COPYRIGHT © 1960 by Bradbury, Agnew & Company, Limited. All rights of reproduction are reserved in respect of all articles, sketches, drawings, etc., published in PUNCH in all parts of the world. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests for permission to reprint. Editorial contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 9d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover or way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Eire 4d.; Canada 11d.; Elsewhere Overseas 41d.† Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate."

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES (including all Special and Extra Numbers and Postage):

Great Britain and Eire £2 16.0; Canada (by Canadian Magazine Post) \$2 10.0 (\$7.25); Elsewhere Overseas \$3 0.0 (U.S.A. \$9.00).

U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own Banks. Other Overseas readers should consult their Bankers or remit by Postal Money Order. For prompt service please send orders by Air Mail to PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, England.

pie,
er.
pride,
hatter

tter
ter.

uttony:

tony.

ay.

batterly,
latterly.

ith Lady

S.W.3

rt, S.W.3.
Kennard
and Mary

UNCH in all
to reprint
old subject
f by way of
ed cover by

der.

